

FIFTY CENTS

AUGUST 16, 1971

# TIME

## BATTLE OF THE ECONOMY:

Stand Pat Or Do  
Something?



George Shultz

Arthur Burns

# In your wallet, you'll know it's right.



Pinto 3-door Runabout. The rear seat folds forward to give you a carpeted cargo area that's five feet long. Holds golf clubs. Camo gear. Luggage. This new Pinto packs more fun than any import.

Pinto standard equipment includes: 4-speed floor mounted shift, 1 point 6 liter (75 hp) engine, rack and pinion steering, high-back bucket seats and over 20 Ford Lifeguard design safety features.

Here's the kind of value that'll give you a nice, satisfied feeling. The 2-door Pinto. Or new 3-door Pinto Runabout (left). Both are priced low like the small imports. And they averaged 25mpg in simulated city/suburban driving. But from there on in, Pinto is a lot more little car than the imports.

Pinto is a do-it-yourself car.

There are almost 40 jobs you can easily handle. Things like adding transmission fluid or changing the oil and oil filter. You can even do a simple tune up—adjust the carburetor or replace spark plugs, condenser and distributor points if necessary.

You can pick up a do-it-yourself manual and tool kit when you pick up your Pinto. And get ready to save right away.

Pinto calls for far less scheduled maintenance than VW. One-half as many oil changes. One-sixth as many lube jobs. The brakes are self-adjusting. So, here again you save.

Overall, Pinto is designed to last longer. It has strong, beefy parts like rustproof steel-alloy brake lines. And five main engine bearings—the leading import has only four.

Where do you go from here? To your Ford Dealer's and a test drive. Five minutes behind the wheel will tell you. Pinto's right.

 **Pinto**  
Better idea for safety: Buckle up.

PINTO





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Robert Klitzner, president, Providence Emblem Co.



Many businessmen feel that calling person-to-person is the smart way to make a business call.

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Whether your sales are four million a year like Providence Emblem or 400 million, it makes sense to dial direct.

Get in the habit.



Dial-direct rates do not apply to coin, credit-card, collect, person-to-person, and hotel-guest calls, or to calls charged to another number.

## LETTERS

### Nixon, Chamberlain and China

Sir: Your cover story's enthusiasm over Mr. Nixon's forthcoming trip [July 26] hasn't been equaled since a certain day in late 1938. Tell me, when he returns will he be carrying an umbrella? And will he exuberantly wave a piece of paper at us from the steps of his plane?

OLIVER PACINI  
Portland, Ore.

Sir: I cannot help approving of President Nixon's proposed trip to Red China. Knee-jerk anti-Communists will quote the history of broken treaties by Communist countries as an excuse for isolating this political dogma, but the wise man uses history to his advantage and does not make himself a prisoner of it. The past should make us wary, but it should not paralyze our will to seek a better world through constant reappraisal of our own policies as well as those we oppose.

JOHN H. THOMAS  
Charlotte, N.C.

Sir: I submit that if the U.S. can tolerate a Communist dictatorship 90 miles from its shores, Chairman Mao and his countrymen can coexist with a non-Communist Taiwan, which, although it doesn't meet our standards of democracy, is a veritable bastion of freedom and individual opportunity compared with mainland China.

ROBERT BOLIN  
Hillsboro, Ore.

Sir: Nixon's planned visit to Peking is more significant in sounding the death knell of the Chiang regime than in open-

ing the door to the U.N. for Communist China. Let the world not forget that the responsibility for the loss of China to the Communists must be laid squarely on the shoulders of Chiang and his in-laws. No amount of whitewash could cleanse them of their guilt of misrule, corruption and greed. Shed no tears for their demise.

GLORIA LIEU  
Detroit

Sir: For sheer cynicism, President Nixon's new *Opus* is not without historical precedent.

"The political art in foreign affairs is to reduce the number of enemies of one's country and to turn yesterday's enemies into good neighbors."—Molotov, Aug. 31, 1939, explaining the Soviet-German Pact.

PETER SIMMEL  
Culver City, Calif.

Sir: It's comic opera. Were Gilbert and Sullivan still around, they might set it to music. If world peace is really the issue, wouldn't open talk be more fruitful and more "disarming" than all this pussyfooting, this you-tell-them-for-us-but-keep-it-secret diplomacy?

How can TIME and other once sensible voices hail this rapprochement with mainland China as a coup for Nixon? It is the long-overdue attempt to correct an absurd situation of our own making. Other heads of state have recognized the reality of the People's Republic of China, but none has been credited with a diplomatic victory.

BONNIE BORTLE  
Cambridge, Mass.

### Aunt Ruth?

Sir: Ruth Brine is an Uncle Tom of the female sex [Essay, July 26]. It is easy to find fault with any movement. In criticizing a handful of already "liberated" authors for too much "consciousness raising," she missed the whole point: until men and women in all strata of American society, not just the elite leadership, learn that human potential extends beyond sexual roles, then precious little will be accomplished.

JOAN I. SAMUELSON  
Pawling, Calif.

Sir: Congratulations to Ruth Brine for her levelheaded Essay on Women's Lib. I, for one, am tired of having to re-explain reasonable goals to family and friends accustomed to ridiculing what they believe to be a movement of monomaniacal sexual freaks. Restricting a woman's right to be her most complete self is a barbarism most people of both sexes denounce. It is a shame to lose respect and support through irresponsible extremism.

JANET L. HAWK  
Woodbridge, N.J.

Sir: Your Essay on Women's Lib was right on, although too close for comfort. I have just resigned my position as the only female school business administrator in the state of New Hampshire—a position I grew into after serving an apprenticeship of eight years as an executive assistant. After working night and day plus weekends for over one year, losing my month's leave in the process, and being refused an assistant to help with the mounting paper work, I quit in disgust to return to college full time. Would you believe that they are replacing me

with a male at \$5,000 more per year, and to top it off, giving him an assistant?

But to get back to Women's Lib: help!  
RITA B. GEORGE  
Rochester, N.H.

### Early Bell

Sir: Your report on Superintendent Wilson Riles' plan [July 26] to cope with pre-school learning and the problems of boredom and teacher obsolescence was interesting and frightening at the same time. Has Riles considered the possible effects of his plan upon the family particularly? Possibly educational acceleration at the earlier age levels only serves to increase parental obsolescence.

And again, if "readiness" for first grade is to be five years of age, simple calculations indicate that pre nursery training will necessarily be at two years of age. It would seem that new changes in education are not only eliminating the problems of education, but will in the future serve to eliminate family care as well.

CHARLES S. PALAZZOLO  
Department of Sociology  
Villanova University  
Villanova, Pa.

### Hell and Back

Sir: I was amused by your article on Frank Behrens' *Dante's Infernal Guide to Your School* [July 26]. The first two illustrations are actually from the *Purgatorio*. This may reveal an unconscious faith in the school system after all. The torments in purgatory, says Dante, "at worst cannot go beyond the great Judgment."

PATRICIA BREITZER  
Lexington, Ky.

### Safety in Cans

Sir: The advice of health authorities to boil canned foods in order to destroy the botulinum toxin [July 19] is misdirected caution. Of the 70 billion cans of commercial food products consumed in the U.S. each year, more than 70% by their nature, will not support the growth of *Clostridium botulinum*. Such products are beer, soft drinks, frozen citrus concentrate, aloe, citrus sections and a host of other fruits, vegetables and other food items.

Boiling the 25% to 30% of the remaining food products seems to be somewhat redundant. Based on your report, the odds of dying by botulism poisoning from commercially canned foods are on the order of one in one billion.

JOHN DICKINSON  
Continental Can Co., Inc.  
Houston

► The story failed to make clear that boiling is a recommended safety measure only for non-acidic foods canned at home, not for commercially canned products.

### Dedication's Bread

Sir: Father Victor Salandini's symbolic act in offering Mass with a tortilla [July 26] was a beautiful expression of a priest's dedication and identification with the culture and struggle of Chicano farm workers.

To those who look upon this action as irregular or defiant of church authority, I have this to ask: How many priests have ever been disciplined for their racist and condemning attitudes toward Mexicans and blacks? How many priests and bishops would feel as much at ease sharing the bread of *la raza* as they would eating

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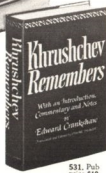
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# Rockwell Report

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

**Our board of directors** recently elected Louis Putze president, chief executive officer, and member of the board of Rockwell.

Mr. Putze joins our company from Singer Company, where he was responsible for the firm's Industrial Products Group, which includes gas and water meters and power tools — also major Rockwell product lines.

In addition to this directly parallel experience, Mr. Putze brings to Rockwell a broad and distinguished record of administrative, financial and marketing achievement. In 1956, he co-founded Controls Company of America, foreseeing the surge in demand for automatic controls for home laundry equipment and auto air conditioners that carried his company to marketing leadership in this field, here and abroad. He continued to serve as president and chief executive officer of this business when it became the Controls Division of General Precision Equipment in 1966, and was given broader management responsibilities when GPE became a part of Singer.

In other board actions, W. F. Rockwell Jr. was elected chairman to succeed Col. W. F. Rockwell, who will become honorary chairman. W. F. Rockwell Jr. had formerly been chief executive officer and vice-chairman. He also served as president from 1947 to 1964. S. Kent Rockwell was also elected to the board: he is president and director of Keystone Aeronautics Corp., a director of the First National Bank & Trust Co. of Washington, Pa., and a trustee of Lafayette College.

Under the distinguished business leadership of Col. Rockwell, now honorary chairman, the company he founded 46 years ago has grown from a small meter manufacturer, with two plants, to a diversified, world-wide enterprise with \$280 million sales last year.

**Making holes:** Our Power Tool Division recently brought out a new electric-operated masonry-drilling hammer for the building and construction trades. It features a unique rotating/striking mechanism that gives our tools better performance than competitive models. To emphasize this, our introductory ads showed side-by-side drilling comparisons, and boldly offered to buy a user our competitor's product, if he didn't agree Rockwell's unit outperformed it on the job. We've sold hundreds of ours in the few months they've been on the market — and haven't bought one competitive tool yet!

**Valve excerpts.** We hear so many good things from our salesmen's call reports about the performance of Nordstrom valves that we've half-considered writing the "great valve novel." Some of

the excerpts would read like this: (1) "Old Nordstrom dug up on pipeline, appears to date from 1920's. Hasn't been lubricated in five years but opens easily, doesn't leak." (2) Customer has Nordstroms on hydrocracker. Temperatures at 345°F, pressures at 1800 psi. Inspection shows pipe will go before valves. (3) Competitor's gate-type valve leaking after year on cement slurry line. Nordstroms in service two years; all other valves being replaced by ours. (4) Customer used cutaway model of Nordstrom before U.S. Senate sub-committee on pipeline safety. They kept model as good example of safe valve."

Now, if we could think of a book title with a little more zip in it than, "Nordstrom — the Dependable Valve for Tough Service," we just might get serious.

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15208, makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 32 basic markets.



**Rockwell**  
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

steak and drinking Scotch with the growers and their allies?

(THE REV.) MARK DAY, O.F.M.  
Los Angeles

## Art at Any Price

Sir: How absurd to say, as TIME does in the Essay "Who Needs Masterpieces at Those Prices?" [July 19], that "in America today, nobody needs another Titian — not at those prices." America does need masterpieces, and the high cost is created not by the "rapacity" of museums but by the extreme rarity of these masterpieces (the Velázquez and the Titian are probably the last great masterpieces ever to go on sale) and by inflation.

The Metropolitan Museum, in purchasing the Velázquez, was simply performing one of the principal functions of a museum, acquiring a great work of art. The painting was purchased with funds restricted solely to art purchases; we could not have used the money otherwise.

We sought to create among other U.S. museums a "purchase syndicate" whereby the picture would be jointly owned by the participating museums, and the painting would have been regularly on view in these museums on a rotating basis. This plan, unfortunately, did not succeed. I hope that in the future closer cooperation among museums will reverse the trend toward ever-increasing prices for works of art. In the meantime, I like to think that most Americans feel a sense of joy and enrichment in having this great Velázquez come to this country and realize that its price tag will eventually disappear.

THOMAS HOVING  
Director

The Metropolitan Museum of Art  
New York City

## The Quality of Hookers

Sir: You say, "New Yorkers were treated to the rare sight of a virtually hookerless Times Square" [July 26]. As one who often strolls through Times Square without encountering any insurmountable difficulty, may I suggest it would be much more of a treat to see empty prisons than empty streets. Prisons have a bad enough effect on real criminals without our adding to the problem with all sorts of unnecessary "crimes." If the Manhattan hooker is, as you recently said, "feral," it is only because the rest of us have made that way. A nation gets the kind of whores it deserves.

JOHN CLARK  
New Hyde Park, N.Y.

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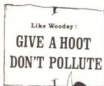
## THE NATION

### AMERICAN NOTES

#### Anybody Give a Hoot?

For 26 years, Smokey the Bear has been a uniquely successful advertising gimmick to remind Americans about the dangers of forest fires. Now the Federal Government wants to spread the word about environmental pollution, but it is caught up in a bureaucratic battle over what cartoon character should embody the cause.

The Interior Department champions its three-year-old Johnny Horizon, an earnest-looking, middle-aged white outdoorsman who, critics say, cannot possibly appeal to the young, to ethnic groups and to those who live in cities, where the pollution problem is



WOODY



JOHNNY

worst. His message, "This land is your land . . . Keep it clean!", is not exactly a zinger, either. The U.S. Forest Service has countered with Woody, the Owl, presumably a wise and likable bird whose message, "Give a Hoot, Don't Pollute," may have a better chance of reaching children; they in turn might be counted on to hadder their parents about littering and similar offenses.

Neither agency will bow to the other's choice for the sake of having a single symbol. Meantime, a Ford Motor Co. designer named Elwood Engel argues for eliminating both Johnny and Woody. His proposed substitute: Ollie and Polly, "the oxygen molecules with the message."

#### Computer Pollution?

Less than a generation ago, a species of future shock overcame many laymen when they contemplated a new invention—the electronic computer. There was vague anxiety about machines that could think, a corner-of-the-eye vision of humanoid steel creatures winking out their possibly baleful computations. It was—and still is—modern man's version of the Frankenstein anxiety.

Now, of course, in most industrialized nations the computer is as familiar and useful as the automobile. It could in fact create some of the same problems. Last week, at a conference in Chicago marking the 25th anniversary of the invention of the electronic computer, one speaker adumbrated a world another quarter-century from now when almost everyone would possess a computer the size of a cigarette package and almost as cheap. Frederic G. Withington of Arthur D. Little, Inc., described two opposing tendencies in the development of computers: the increasingly economical sharing of large computers by multiple users and the proliferation of mini-computers. If the second line is followed, then in a throwaway society Withington envisions a day when little computers will be "scattered around the country as thickly as empty beer cans."

#### The Critic

President and Mrs. Nixon flew to New York one evening last week to visit the newly wed Tricia and Eddie Cox and sample some of the bride's home cooking (broiled lobster and stuffed potatoes). Then the four took in a performance of *No, No, Nanette*. After the show, a television reporter asked the President if he would like to see more such musicals.

The President's reply was a minor classic in his manner of laying a bed of hot coals in his path and then dancing across it. "My wife and I of course like musical comedy," he began. "We like the theater also. I don't mean by that that they should always be old musicals. But I think this musical that they call escapist—I don't look at it that way. I think that after a long



THE NIXONS WITH RUBY KEELER IN NEW YORK

day, most of us need a lift in the evening. I don't mean by that that sometimes I don't want to go to see a very serious play or something of that sort." Perhaps Nixon's minutely elaborate, even Oriental effort to avoid giving displeasure was rehearsal for his trip to Peking.

#### Also Sprach Houston

Mission Control in Houston chose to awake the Apollo 15 astronauts from one of their sleep periods with an interesting choice of tunes: the grandiose opening strains of Richard Strauss's symphonic poem *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. Evocative of spectacular sunrises and other occurrences that call for a 107-piece orchestral accompaniment, the splendid fanfare was also used in the movie *2001: A Space Odyssey*, which probably accounts for Houston's playing it.

Actually, when Strauss wrote the music, he was thinking of Nietzsche's treatise in which the philosopher poured out his prophecies of Superman through the voice of the Persian Zarathustra, the founder of Zoroastrianism. "I teach you the Superman," wrote Nietzsche.

"Man is something that shall be overcome . . . Man is a rope tied between beast and Superman—a rope over an abyss . . . The Superman is the meaning of the earth." NASA's public relations office, of course, makes no such Nietzschean claims about the astronauts. In fact, Strauss himself would shudder if he knew that apart from *2001*, most astronauts and other Americans hearing the music would associate it with a series of decidedly mundane TV commercials.



ZARATHUSTRA





GREETING PROSPECTIVE VOTERS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## The Economic Blues

AS they surveyed the state of the U.S. economy last week, Americans felt bewilderment, frustration and occasionally a touch of fatalism. Mike Lynn, a Detroit barber, put it bluntly: "I don't think about the economy. There's nothing any of us can do to change things." Occasionally the Administration seemed to take the same line—or argued that enough had already been done and that things would change gradually for the better. Only lately have Nixon and his economic advisers become somewhat more receptive to calls for stronger action (*see BUSINESS*).

The latest figures last week showed that unemployment had risen once again and that inflation was continuing. With an assist from the Nixon Administration,

a steel strike was averted at the last moment, but inevitably at an inflationary cost. Within 24 hours after the wage settlement was announced, most of the big steel producers posted a price hike. After 18 disruptive days, the nationwide rail strike was brought to an end. Though many featherbedding work rules were finally eliminated, the United Transportation Union extracted a 42% pay increase spread out over 42 months.

The President brought joy to Burbank, Calif., home of Lockheed Aircraft Corp., when the Senate by a vote of 49-48 approved an Administration-backed \$250 million federal loan to the ailing company. That saved an estimated 60,000 jobs in the depressed aerospace industry. Before the week was

out, lines formed again in Burbank restaurants; banks reported a brisk business in traveler's checks. But in another aerospace center, Seattle, the gloom only deepened when the Nixon Administration refused to distribute surplus food commodities in the city because it already had a food-stamp program in operation. While some of the needy in Seattle marched and picketed, others turned to Neighbors-in-Need, a volunteer organization that distributes free food. Unemployment has risen above 15%. In contrast to Burbank, there is no relief in sight.

**Blaming the System.** So far, in varied sections of the U.S., the state of the economy does not seem to pose a fatal political threat to Nixon—yet. For the present, some Republicans take comfort from the fact that many people see Nixon as having inherited the mess from the Democrats. After a tour of southern Illinois, Norton Kay, a former Chicago political editor, reported that the President is "seldom blamed or mentioned. People talk about government as an abstraction rather than about Nixon as a person. They seem disillusioned with the System rather than with a party or an individual." Republicans hope that people are distracted by other matters. "They want to talk about the ball scores and their fishing trips," observed Republican Senator William Saxbe about the mood of Ohio recently. "If there's a recession, you wouldn't know it." Such easy comfort is not usually echoed among White House advisers. Last week President Nixon, on his way to a weekend in Maine, stopped off in New Hampshire for a little political consciousness raising and cheerleading way ahead of that state's primary.

Part of the economic blues was expressed in cynicism. Gail Gabrielson, an Inglewood, Calif., car-rental agent who has been on waiting lists to become a teacher for three years, put it this way: "You bomb to death with the



HUNGER PICKETERS IN SEATTLE



LOCKHEED CHAMPAGNE PARTY IN BURBANK

Democrats, and you starve to death with the Republicans. We have a Republican President. So it's just what can be expected." Many people, however, expect the Republicans, with their perennial claim to fiscal integrity and management skill, to do better. That, after all, was one of the reasons so many businessmen voted for Nixon. The combination of accumulated savings and better profits in some industries could produce a boom, but confidence is lacking. Said Daniel Patrick, who lost his job as a Los Angeles computer programmer and is now selling cars: "People aren't buying because they don't know what is coming next. They have a feeling of loss of control over their own lives. I feel Nixon is as much out of control as we are."

**Citizens' Revolt.** If anything can arouse an apathetic electorate at present, it is a sense of deception added to economic malaise. The state of Connecticut is a case in point. With scant warning, the Democratic-controlled state legislature passed a personal income tax on the last frenzied night of the session. To top it off, Republican Governor Thomas Meskill, who opposed such a tax, allowed it to become law. The infuriated citizens of Connecticut staged a spontaneous revolt; they swamped both Governor and legislators with letters, telegrams and petitions demanding repeal of the tax. The state's politicians took alarm and last week convened a special session of the legislature to reconsider the tax.

The situation in Connecticut was special—but not the anger at politicians who seem to mislead the public. A milder form of that anger was directed here and there at the Administration for continuing to issue rosy proclamations about the economy. Republican James Scheurenbrand, a bank president in Evanston, Ill., plans to vote for Nixon again, but he recently objected that "glowing statements from Washington are at variance with what people are experiencing. There is too much hard sell. It's eroding the Administration's credibility. People are looking for real answers." Republican Senator William Roth of Delaware recently conducted a poll among his constituents and found that over half of the 20,000 who responded would accept wage and price controls. Said he: "I think people are ready for stern measures."

**Psychopolitical Ploy.** Many conservative Republicans who abhor controls would welcome decisive measures instead of soothing words. The best evidence suggests that Nixon and his advisers believe that their economic course is right and that things will eventually improve. But the suspicion that their public optimism is a psychopolitical ploy will not go away. Said Nancy Travis, a secretary in Santa Monica: "The Administration is so worried about being re-elected, it's immobilized. They seem to be afraid of alienating anybody." The result could be alienating almost everybody.

MC CALLUM YEARBOOK



WHITE CLASSROOM IN AUSTIN HIGH SCHOOL  
An excuse to make little haste very slowly.

## THE ADMINISTRATION

### Bus Stop

President Nixon's stance on the subject of school desegregation in general and busing in particular has never really been in question. Last year he eased Robert Finch, a close friend who was then Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, out of his job, in part for pressing too hard on integration. Finch's replacement, Elliot Richardson, has now been left stranded. Last week, moving abruptly to "disavow" HEW's busing plan for schools in Austin, Texas, Nixon emphatically restated his position: "I have consistently opposed the busing of our nation's schoolchildren to achieve a racial balance, and I am opposed to the busing of children simply for the sake of busing. Further, while the Executive Branch will continue to enforce the orders of the court, including court-ordered busing, I have instructed the Attorney General and the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare that they are to work with individual school districts to hold busing to the minimum required by law."

In a few terse sentences, Nixon thereby gave recalcitrant school districts in the South—and North—an official excuse for making little haste very slowly. In the Austin case, U.S. District Judge Jack Roberts had rejected the HEW proposal, which called for extensive busing; Roberts had opted instead for an alternative advanced by the local school board, which planned only intermittent busing of pupils as a sort of intramural cultural-exchange program.

Nixon conceded that the Justice Department would have to appeal Judge Roberts' decision, because the Supreme Court had upheld the principle of bus-

ing in a decision last April involving schools in North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. But, he said, the Government would no longer argue for the HEW plan; instead, it would seek a compromise. Nixon also instructed Richardson to submit an amendment to prohibit use of funds from his \$1.5 billion Emergency School Assistance Act for busing.

There was some reason for the Government's retreat on the Austin busing question; the HEW plan had some technical weaknesses. Still, Richardson thought he had persuaded Nixon and Attorney General John Mitchell to carry out the busing decision (TIME, Aug. 9). He was informed of the President's move at the last minute, and carried no personal plea or protest to Nixon.

**Opinion v. Law.** Said Minnesota's Democratic Senator Walter Mondale, who shepherded the Senate version of the school assistance bill: "I do not think that in the long term this country will reward the President for attempting to pit public opinion against the rule of law announced by the Supreme Court." In New York, the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Education Fund said that it may intervene in the Austin case in advocacy of the HEW plan.

On the other hand, busing opponents—especially in Texas—were displeased that the President chose to have the Justice Department press the appeal at all. Although Nixon was at considerable pains to assure Senator John Tower that the Government would proceed no further than the law absolutely requires, the crusty Texas Republican was not easily appeased. "It appears that he does not really oppose forced busing—or he lacks the resolve necessary to control those who pursue it in his name," Tower said. Austin



School Superintendent Jack Davidson put it pithily: "Man in White House speaks with forked tongue."

Still another peculiar circumvention has been proposed by the Dallas school district. After the Supreme Court decision, one educated estimate was that the Dallas district would eventually have to spend \$6,000,000 on as many as 500 new buses. Labeling that alternative too time-consuming and expensive, the district advanced what Dallas School Superintendent Nolan Estes blithely described as the "educational innovation of the decade": a \$15 million television network that will connect classes between elementary schools in largely segregated neighborhoods.

In an opinion entered last week, U.S. District Judge William M. Taylor Jr. not only bought that extraordinary idea, but also added a few wrinkles of his own. He envisions elementary students being ushered into a special television room daily for a one-hour session, transmitting and receiving lessons to and from a similar class in a school dominated by a different race. Included in this program would be weekly visits between the matching schools. "What better way to start to foster real integration," exclaimed Judge Taylor, "than for a student to be able to say 'Hey, I saw you on television last week.'"

Judge Taylor has a special treat for high school students. He decreed that any student who voluntarily transfers from a high school in which his race is the majority to one in which it is in the minority will be rewarded with a four-day school week.

## THE VICE PRESIDENCY Is Spiro Agnew Necessary?

Vice President Spiro Agnew scanned a newspaper article critical of him, angrily tossed it aside and noted somewhat bitterly: "If I followed the advice of all my critics, I'd still be in Baltimore." Indeed, there are many who would like to see the Vice President back in Baltimore again—some of them among Richard Nixon's inner circle. Since he reached the high mark of his popularity with Republican polls on the give-'em-hell fund-raising circuit a year ago, Agnew has fallen to such low esteem that there has been open talk for weeks about kicking him off the Republican ticket in 1972.

As chief spokesman for the Administration's harsh line during the 1970 elections, Agnew took the fight to the Democrats—and to errant Republican Charles Goodell of New York—with speeches crafted by White House ghostwriters and a relish reminiscent of an earlier Richard Nixon. His performance ran according to plan, but the results did not; in the post-mortem, Agnew received a good deal of the blame for the Republicans' relatively poor showing. For once, Agnew staff members agreed with his critics in the press: the re-

sponsibility, they insist, belongs to some of the same White House types who are currently pushing for Agnew's removal. Says one Agnew adviser: "The ones I'm bitterest about are those birds who knew that what the Vice President was doing in 1970 was part of a battle plan. They knew he was under orders. When it flopped, they were the loudest in denouncing him."

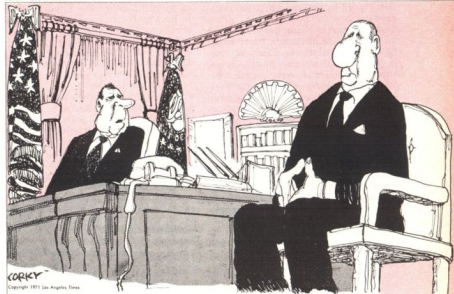
**Lockuster Tour.** When President Nixon relaxed trade restrictions with China following the first gambits of Ping Pong diplomacy, Agnew warned against a sudden thaw in U.S.-Chinese relationships. Nixon, engaged in delicate negotiations with Peking, did a slow burn over his Vice President's outspokenness on the issue. Agnew was abroad when Nixon appeared on television July 15 with his China announcement. He subsequently endorsed the Peking visit, downplaying earlier differences. Relations between Nixon and Agnew, never very close, have become chillier. Says one White House

chanted White House aides are hardly enough to make Nixon switch, but the electoral equation next fall could force him to. Should Nixon decide that he must run a more moderate campaign than is consonant with Agnew's image, then he might well replace Agnew with a more suitable running mate. Or, should it seem necessary, he could name another conservative Republican, in hopes of holding voters on the right while still getting rid of Agnew's predictable fractiousness.

If not Spiro—who? Among the principal possibilities:

**JOHN CONNALLY.** That Nixon's house Democrat is a powerful figure in the Administration became plain during the Treasury Secretary's successful handling of the Lockheed loan guarantee (see BUSINESS); that he will be put on the Republican ticket next summer is far less clear. The idea is that Connally would carry Texas, sew up the South and perhaps provide an edge in such Border

CORKY—LOS ANGELES TIMES



*"Instead of another dull term as Vice President, Spiro, I thought you'd prefer a more important post in the Administration. How does Ambassador to Taiwan grab you?"*

aide: "I see the old man's private calendar and Agnew's never on it."

Agnew's recent foreign tour was lackluster at best, and his remarks condemning black leaders in the U.S. are considered a new burden for an Administration already fighting charges of hostility toward blacks. Lately he has spent more time away from Washington, frequently playing golf with celebrity and sport cronies. He continues his rounds of the Republican banquet circuit, but even in this familiar role his aides sense a growing ennui. His pride is affronted by the small ceremonial duties of the vice presidency that he calls "Hubert Humphrey make-work projects."

Agnew's doldrums plus complaints from liberal Republicans and disen-

states as Tennessee, Kentucky and Maryland. His identification with conservative Southern Democratic philosophy could be enough to fend off another challenge from George Wallace. But Nixon would need help in the big-vote states—California, New York, Ohio and Illinois—to win re-election, and there Connally would be a drawback. Also, Republican professionals oppose dropping a fat party plum into a Democrat's lap. A man who knows both the vice presidency and Lyndon Johnson predicted that Connally might well be Nixon's running mate. Said Hubert Humphrey: "It would be a tough ticket."

**GEORGE BUSH.** As conservative as Agnew, but without his abrasiveness, Bush is an attractive dark horse. He could be

counted on to hold the right-wing vote without antagonizing liberals. His current post as U.N. ambassador has taken him out of the public eye, but that could change overnight. Henry Cabot Lodge moved from the U.N. ambassadorship to the vice-presidential nomination, and the upcoming debate on the admission of Peking could prove a useful vehicle for Bush.

**NELSON ROCKEFELLER.** There has been so little love lost between Nixon and the New York Governor for so many years that Rockefeller at first glance seems an unlikely choice. But he has supported Nixon on revenue sharing and foreign policy, and in recent years has taken a turn to the right on domestic issues. If the White House pols decide on a New York-California strategy focusing on crime, welfare reform and urban problems, Rockefeller could be the choice. Whether or not Rockefeller would take the No. 2 spot has provided most of the suspense at Republican conventions for more than a decade. While he repeated last week that he does not consider himself "stand-by equipment," he could change his mind in 1972.

**CHARLES PERCY.** If Nixon decides to pitch his campaign to the center, Percy would be an attractive running mate with vote-getting strength among blacks, young voters and liberal Republicans. But White House aides insist that the President does not trust Percy. He is a member of the liberal Senate club that opposed the Administration on Supreme Court nominations and on appropriations for the SST and ABM. Despite Percy's appeal, Nixon is not likely to overlook such transgressions.

**RONALD REAGAN.** His presence at the '68 Republican Convention worried Nixon into adopting the Southern strategy; he still remains the darling of the party's right wing (see following story). A Nixon-Reagan ticket, however, would be too heavily weighted toward California and would not provide a moderating appeal. Nonetheless, if Agnew is dumped, Reagan could keep conservative voters in the Republican column. California observers believe Reagan would accept the nomination.

**Even David.** Agnew's best chances for renomination remain with his supporters in the Republican right wing. Agnew, insists Barry Goldwater, has a larger personal following in the G.O.P. than Nixon himself; White House aides do not disagree. Whether or not Nixon would take the painful step of admitting that his original choice for Vice President was wrong—which would force him to face recrimination from the right—will probably not be known until next summer, perhaps after the Democrats have nominated his opponent. Says a White House aide: "What he'll do is sit down with a batch of polls that tell him just where he stands. If he thinks it's going to be tight and that Agnew might sink him, that's the end of Agnew. Hell, he'd dump David Eisenhower under those circumstances."

## POLITICS

### The Right Wing v. Nixon

Disowning Richard Nixon, his right-wing former supporters carefully point out, is a decision reluctantly reached. After all, one does not toss off an old ally and champion without shedding tears for what once had been. But the moderate tone of Richard Nixon's presidency—while not liberal enough to satisfy critics in the center or on the left—has so disturbed many of his conservative backers that he appears to be in some danger of alienating a constituency he has counted as his for 25 years. Welfare reform, cutbacks in defense spending, advocacy of deficit spending and Keynesian economics were difficult enough for Nixon's conservative supporters to tolerate, but for many, rapprochement with Communist China was the final straw. In recent weeks, right-wing spokesmen have announced a formal split with the President:

► Twelve gurus of the right, editors and officials of conservative groups headed by *National Review* Editor William F. Buckley Jr., expressed their "personal admiration" and "affection" for Nixon, then said: "In consideration of this record, we, who have heretofore generally supported the Nixon Administration, have resolved to suspend our support of the Administration."

► *Human Events*, a Washington-based weekly that is a barometer of far-right thinking, pointed to years of backing Nixon candidacies, but added: "We fear that the President is not only advocating policies at almost total variance with conservative sentiment on the domestic front, but his 'generation of peace' diplomacy, coupled with his seeming unconcern about our rapidly deteriorating military posture, is literally endangering the survival of the American Republic."

► William Loeb, ultraconservative publisher of the *Manchester, N.H., Union Leader*, reminisced about the old Nixon, then washed his hands of the new: "The publisher and Mrs. Loeb are very fond of the President and Mrs. Nixon personally, and we thoroughly enjoyed

our recent dinner at the White House. We found the Nixons to be fine people. But the first consideration is not personal friendship. This newspaper considers President Nixon's proposal to visit Communist China and the change in policy toward Red China to be immoral, indecent, insane and fraught with danger for the survival of the United States."

**Early Birds.** The hard-core right wingers have never been well organized nationally and are generally dismissed by politicians as fringe extremists. But the voices raised against Nixon could influence a wider range of voters who stand to the right of center. The danger from the right could easily be overestimated, but Nixon for one did not ignore it. He called his older lieutenants on Capitol Hill—the "early birds" who helped him resurrect his political career for a run at the White House in 1968—for a cocktail party last week. They included John Tower of Texas, Paul Fannin of Arizona, Robert Dole of Kansas. They met for an hour, exchanged cordial remarks and received presidential gifts. The same day, Nixon held another meeting, this one with New York Senator James Buckley. Neither would discuss the details of the meeting, but the President more than likely sought to answer affirmatively the question Brother Bill had posed about him in a recent magazine article: "Is he one of us?"

In an interview with *TIME* Correspondent Bonnie Angelo last week, Senator Buckley noted some pluses in Nixon's conservative ledger, especially his Supreme Court nominations. But there is disenchantment: "A rush to embrace China without counting the cost to the United States has created too high expectations here. A full-employment-budget type of thinking removes the discipline of red ink and black ink." The political alternatives open to dissident conservatives, according to Buckley: "They can stay home. They will not go out and win new votes through their enthusiasm. This is very important, because it is the conservatives who hustle up the money, who are the shock troops

JAMES BUCKLEY



in campaigns. If what is now a concern gets into outright opposition, Nixon will have lost a source of support, energy, drive and money."

The sense of betrayal of conservative ideals, the feeling of abandonment by the old Nixon they backed so long runs deep. Says one conservative Republican Senator: "The conservatives nominated Dick Nixon in Miami. They didn't go trooping off to Reagan. Now there's a general feeling that he's let us down, that the President is turning his back on his old friends to make new ones." Adds one of the "early birds": "I've had to grit my teeth and swallow hard to remain a loyalist."

Says Walt Hintzen, chairman of United Republicans of California, who found Nixon's decision to visit China "obscene": "Some of the Nixon men have implied they don't care about us, that we have no place to go. There are quite a few conservatives that are going to show Nixon that they have several places they can go."

**Congratulatory Stance.** But where? George Wallace, who announced his presidential candidacy for 1972 last week, holds to the basic conservative tenet of evangelical anti-Communism. Wallace, however, is too much a populist on economic issues and too intransigent on racial issues to receive nationwide conservative support. The most likely candidate to lead a right-wing insurrection is California Governor Ronald Reagan. His following in conservative quarters is wide. At 60, he could conclude that next year is his last chance to run for the presidency, although he is more often mentioned for the vice presidency (see page 12). But if Reagan indeed has 1972 ambitions, he clearly feels that an open break with the President on China—or on anything else—is no way to further them. He has discouraged efforts to crank up a conservative campaign in his behalf. He also took a conciliatory stance on Administration China policy, a serious blow to the anti-Peking enthusiasts.

Nixon can still stave off criticism from the right on the strength of his ear-

lier hard line against Communism. Notes Congressman John Schmitz, a John Birchler who represents Nixon's home district in California: "If you get a reputation for being an early riser, you can sleep till 11." Says Chicago Businessman W. Clement Stone, a large contributor to conservative campaign coffers and Nixon's biggest 1968 financial backer: "After 20 years, we'd better face life as it is. Good common sense dictates that we take a hard look at that situation and put aside our emotions."

Thus the right-wing revolt will be strictly limited and will probably center around withholding funds or organizational support. Conservative contributors could seriously hurt Nixon's campaign funding if they so choose; members of such conservative groups as Young Americans for Freedom could withhold the energetic grassroots campaigners who aided Nixon in 1968. If the President does not move further to mollify his old supporters, warns *Human Events* Editor Thomas Winter, "the conservatives won't contribute, work or vote."

## The Latest Scoop

Still months from post time, the 1972 Democratic presidential sweepstakes have already recorded a scratch, Iowa Senator Harold Hughes, and an unexpected dark-horse entry, Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris. Assessing his chances recently, Harris noted that he must do well in the early primaries, then "get close to the top two in the polls." The top two by then? Ed Muskie, of course. And? "Scoop Jackson."

When Senator Henry Martin Jackson, 59, began to toy with the idea of a candidacy last spring, he was rated as having little better than an outside chance for the vice-presidential nomination, and virtually none for No. 1. Since then, the Washington Democrat has moved up remarkably fast. There are still few shrewd politicians of either party who see Jackson as the 1972 Democratic nominee; he is barely visible in the national polls, registering only 1% or 2%.

**Square Position.** Among ranking G.O.P. officials, Jackson was recently rated the Democrat Richard Nixon would find most difficult to defeat. In a July poll of Democratic leaders, he comes in a surprising second to Muskie, and leads Hubert Humphrey, Teddy Kennedy and George McGovern. Says another Democratic hopeful, Indiana's Birch Bayh: "There is a lot of support around the country for Scoop." When Hughes bowed out, he confessed: "I didn't take Jackson seriously, but I take him very seriously now."

Jackson's surge is in large part a measure of his unique position in the crowded field of aspirants. In contrast to his opposition, he has positioned himself squarely with the military-industrial establishment and big Pentagon budgets, thus cornering several limited but loyal bases of support and money. In recent



SENATOR JACKSON

*A remarkable rise through the ranks.*

weeks, he has tempered his pro-war views; he now favors a gradual withdrawal. He supports the President's proposed trip to China. Jackson also claims to have the most liberal voting record on civil rights and domestic issues of any prospective candidate. The Americans for Democratic Action, however, disagree; the organization ranks him well below Muskie, McGovern and Bayh on the basis of his Senate votes.

**Anathema.** Besides becoming known as the "different" candidate, Jackson plans to overcome his lack of recognition by winning an important primary, and he has chosen Florida as the site of the test. The Florida primary comes only a week after New Hampshire's, so it has high—and early—visibility. It may also prove an excellent sounding board for the Jackson thesis that the economy, not the war, will be the major issue of the presidential campaign. Florida ranks high in Social Security recipients, and unemployment is substantial at Cape Kennedy. Jackson believes, with good reason, that his advocacy of price and wage controls, plus his support of the aerospace industry and his pro-labor voting record, will give him an advantage. Connecticut Senator Abraham Ribicoff contends that if the voting were held today, "Scoop would win the Florida primary."

A victory in Florida would greatly enhance Jackson's chances in '72, though it would hardly guarantee him the nomination. It would most certainly throw a scare into some party regulars. Jackson's longtime hawkishness has made him anathema to the party's doves and to the young. Consequently, were he nominated, he would be the one Democrat most likely to trigger a revolt, and hence a fourth party on the Democratic left. That would split the Democratic vote and virtually reassure Nixon's re-election.

PUBLISHER WILLIAM LOEB





## Birthday for Common Cause

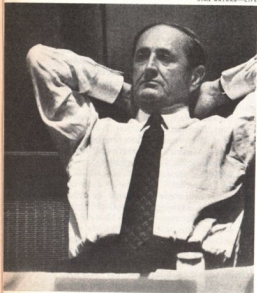
*I think we've gone hog wild in putting all our hopes on White House leadership. We have to develop other sources of drive and imagination. This is a time of interlocking revolutions. There is a very serious question as to whether our institutions can hold together under the enormous strains of those changes. Somebody has to make them work.*

—John Gardner

One year ago, the former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare left the relative calm of the Urban Coalition to try an experiment in making American institutions work. John Gardner's notion was to create a citizens' superbody called Common Cause; his dream has come true—sort of.

Common Cause claims a membership

STAN WAYMAN—LIFE



JOHN GARDNER  
*Intangible achievements.*

of 191,000, paying a minimum of \$15 per person per annum. Gardner's liberal and determinedly nonpartisan "third force" has a projected budget for its second year of \$3,800,000, of which roughly a third is earmarked for membership expansion. Aided by word-of-mouth recruitment, which already accounts for 25% of the organization's new members, the rolls could swell to more than 300,000 by next year. They could also shrink, and in that sense Common Cause faces a continued test. Says Gardner: "Our record is fairly well known now. A year ago, a membership prospect got a blueprint. Now he gets a track record."

**Mailing List.** Trouble is, that record is not as clear and sharp as it might be. To be sure, the effectiveness of lobbying defies precise calculation. Common Cause has concentrated most of its efforts on Congress, and new legislation has many fathers. Still, Gardner feels that Common Cause should be rec-

ognized for significant if sometimes intangible achievements.

Common Cause claims success for its efforts in behalf of the 18-year-old vote; the group sparked a heavy write-in campaign, lobbied on Capitol Hill and organized ratification coalitions and lobbies in many state capitols. Though Gardner asks for no special credit, Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin commended Common Cause for its help "in rallying opposition to the SST and winning the fight."

Gardner, a liberal Republican, has been attacked in the G.O.P. National Committee's newsletter "Monday" as "a purveyor of the radical Democratic line on virtually every issue." Gardner once had to apologize for a staff goof that permitted the Democratic National Committee to use his mailing list for fund raising. He has been vulnerable on another count: Lyn Nofziger of the Republican National Committee has charged him with creating a personality cult. That accusation is undoubtedly unfair. But it is true that John Gardner's personal prestige and organizational skill have been essential in attracting supporters to Common Cause. While he persuasively disclaims personal political ambitions, there is continued speculation that he might emerge as a sort of citizens' candidate for the presidency. In the forthcoming election, Gardner does not want Common Cause to endorse any candidate but to act as a kind of conscience. Says he: "You are going to get two candidates who are completely accommodated to a set of institutions that need to be renovated. Somebody has to have his eye on that."

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### Aid and Conscience

Americans who feel that foreign aid should be not only an instrument of *Realpolitik* but of moral judgment have two difficult cases to worry about. One is Greece, where in 1967 a clique of colonels overthrew a shaky but democratic and legally elected regime. After delivering some lectures and pressing for the restoration of democratic institutions, last September the U.S. lifted an embargo on deliveries of heavy military equipment to the Greek junta. An even more painful dilemma for the conscientious concerns Pakistan. In March the government there launched savage warfare against the East Pakistanis, who were seeking greater autonomy for their part of the divided country (TIME cover, Aug. 2). The U.S. quickly announced that it would stop authorizing arms shipments, though in fact they have continued.

Now, the normally docile Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives has produced a startlingly if largely symbolic expression of dismay. Last week the House followed the committee's recommendation with a 200-to-192 vote to deny further U.S. military aid to Greece until the colonels restore democracy in free elections, or unless

the President determines that there are "overriding requirements of national security" for continuing it. The bill would also halt economic and arms aid to Pakistan until the President decides that "reasonable stability" has been restored there, and that the millions of Bengali refugees now in India have been allowed to return to their homes and regain their property in East Pakistan.

**Irritated in Athens.** The loophole in the aid-to-Greece clause was big enough to drive a Patton tank through, and it was virtually certain that the Administration would do just that. Greece's role in NATO and the U.S. Navy's need for Sixth Fleet bases in the eastern Mediterranean could easily be construed as "overriding requirements." The net effect of the House vote, if the Senate concurs, would be to cut military aid to the colonels from Nixon's requested \$118 million in this fiscal year to \$90 million, the same level as last year.

In Athens, an irritated Premier George Papadopoulos declared that whether Greece should hold elections in one year or 20 was for his regime alone to decide. Simultaneously, his government drafted a new press code that requires foreign as well as Greek newsmen to report in conformity with "Hellenic-Christian traditions." The House committee's action in calling U.S. Ambassador Henry J. Tasca home from Athens to testify in closed session was an unusual display of congressional displeasure.

**Hunger Problem.** As for the Pakistani regime, it could find considerable solace in Nixon's press conference statement. "We do not favor the idea that the U.S. should cut off economic assistance to Pakistan," he said, since to do so would make the refugee problem worse. Nixon spoke hopefully of U.S. efforts, both direct and through the United Nations, "that will deal with the problem of hunger in East Pakistan, which would reduce the refugee flow into India and which will, we trust, in the future look toward a viable political settlement." No such settlement was in sight (see THE WORLD). Some felt that the President was overpaying a debt of gratitude to Pakistan's President Yahya Khan for his help in Henry Kissinger's secret trip to Peking. A likelier rationale: the Administration feels that by cutting off aid, the U.S. would lose all leverage with Yahya.

## PERSONALITY

### Bellacose Abzug

In the vaguely 18th century parlance of House parliamentarians, she is "the gentlewoman from New York." Gentle? It has been some time since the U.S. Congress has seen the likes—male or female—of Bella Abzug, the freshman from Manhattan's 19th District. Bella is in the eye of the beholder, and like all true originals, she sometimes risks becoming a caricature of herself.

Her partisans know her as a raucously passionate crusader for minority



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vetoed by President Nixon, but is now being redrafted with the Abzug amendment intact. In the recent effort to censure CBS President Frank Stanton, Freshman Abzug wedged in among senior members to speak out for freedom of the press. She argues that the U.S. ought to get out of Viet Nam at once and get to work on urgent social needs, including better education and health care.

In her New York City voice that, according to Norman Mailer, "could boil the fat off a taxi driver's neck," Bella complains that "the U.S. House of Representatives has the distinction of being the most unrepresentative body in the

cares about, her face is really pretty."

Bella Abzug might dismiss that last part as sexist condescension, but then again she might not. For all her rhinoceros qualities, she is deeply feminine (*pace*, Women's Lib) and, as former Campaign Manager Doug Ireland says, "vulnerable as a lady." She recently withstood withering political satire at a correspondents' dinner but burst into tears when someone mocked her robust figure. Arthur Goldberg is said to have won her over once by remarking that her pictures did not do her justice.

**Interoffice Tyrant.** Not the least contradiction of Bella Abzug is the way in which the female populist, labor lawyer and champion of the oppressed mercilessly oppresses her own staff. Some other politicians, most famously Lyndon Johnson, have been known to bully their workers, but Bella, with that perfect name, the Latin for wars and beauty, is an interoffice tyrant undreamt of since Caligula.

Three days before her election in 1970, says a former aide, "she calls me on Sunday morning at 7:30. I hear a roar: 'How dare you sleep? This is the candidate!'" When she first came to Washington, she phoned another staffer at 2 a.m. and bellowed: "My toilet is overflowing. There's s - - - on the floor. What are you going to do about it?" The turnover in her office is high. At times, however, Bella displays a maternal sensitivity; once she saw that her tirades were raining acids on an aide's ulcer and immediately sent out for milk and chicken soup. Says an old friend, Ronnie Eldridge, special assistant to Mayor John Lindsay: "She's just a big baby who wants to be loved insatiably."

**Loud Genius.** Abzug comes by all of her contradictions honestly. The daughter of a Russian immigrant named Emanuel Savitsky, she rang the cash register in his Live and Let Live meat market on Manhattan's Ninth Avenue as a girl, attended Hunter College and Columbia law school, where she was an editor of the *Law Review*. Before it was fashionable, she was a strong civil rights advocate who once defended a black man in Mississippi accused of raping a white woman. She was seven months' pregnant then and slept in a Jackson bus station one night sitting upright on a bench, being wisely gingerly about night riders. Her two daughters are now in college, and she lives in a somewhat grand \$650-a-month Greenwich Village duplex with her husband, Martin Abzug, a soft-spoken stockbroker and sometime novelist (*Seventh Avenue Story* and *Spearhead*).

At 51, Bella Abzug has the loud, infuriated and infuriating genius of New York City—not Rockefeller Center New York, but the Lower East Side, the garment district and the West Side, which make up the constituency that she represents. Like the city, she is an acquired taste—always lively, usually difficult, often a delight.



rights, Women's Lib and the antiwar movement, a truculent and courageous woman. To the less friendly, she comes on as a sumo liberal, a lady wrestler, Joan of Arc resurrected as an elemental *yenta*. No one, friend or enemy, denies that Bella Abzug has a certain presence.

**Big Buddies.** In her eight months in the House, she has made that presence felt with a characteristic indifference to protocol, notably the tacit understanding that a freshman Congressman ranks slightly above a page boy. It is already part of Capitol Hill mythology that when the courtly House doorkeeper, Mississippian William ("Fish Bait") Miller, asked her not to wear one of her trademark broadbrim hats onto the House floor, she briskly replied, "Go f - - - yourself." Actually, Fish Bait says, the exchange was jocular; they are "big buddies."

For a freshman, she has already had unusual impact in the House, upstaging even Brooklyn's combative Shirley Chisholm, the first black woman in Congress. During one of her 18-hour days, Bella unearthed from the House rules an old tactic called a resolution of inquiry, which demands action by the House within the startlingly short span of seven days. Invoking that device, she pushed through the proposal that the President be directed to furnish the Pentagon papers to Congress. She succeeded in getting a sex-discrimination amendment added to the Public Works Acceleration Act. It was



BELLA IN ACTION  
In the eye of the beholder.

West." Her logic: "Both houses are dominated by a male, white, middle-aged, middle- and upper-middle-class power elite that stand with their backs turned to the needs and demands of our people for realistic change."

**Rhinoceros Qualities.** Bella knows that her abrasive manner grates on her colleagues. As one fastidious member says: "When Bella comes roaring into the cloakroom, mutters a few four-letter words and elbows you out of the way, you want to treat her as you would treat any rude man. But sometimes when she has that hat off, and she is talking about the things she



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# THE MOON

## Apollo 15: A Giant Step for Science

FOR several chilling minutes last week, millions of television viewers wondered if Astronauts Dave Scott, Jim Irwin and Al Worden were going to make it safely back to earth. As the command module *Endeavour* came into sight high above the fluffy clouds over the Pacific, it became apparent that one of its three big orange-and-white chutes was fouled and thus not supporting its share of the load. Dropping into the calm seas 300 miles north of Hawaii several feet per second faster than planned, the moonship created a mighty splash. But despite the jolting landing the astronauts were safely home. Man's fourth and most productive moon-landing mission had ended successfully.

Few fictional adventures could rival the real-life drama of Apollo 15—or match its superlatives. During their twelve-day mission, the Apollo crewmen roamed the moon for more than 17 hours, almost as long as did the Apollo 11, 12 and 14 astronauts combined. They traveled 17.5 miles in the first car man has ever driven on the moon, took the first walk in deep space, and returned with a record-breaking haul of more than 170 lbs. of lunar rocks. But the really significant accomplishment of Apollo 15 was its scientific payoff, which in the words of Paul Gast, chief of lunar and planetary science at the Manned Spacecraft Center, will enable man to take "a real giant step in the understanding of the solar system."

Perhaps the most important discovery was made early in the week during the second excursion by Astronauts Dave Scott and Jim Irwin. After driving past a group of craters called the South Cluster, they made their way up a 7° slope toward the mountainous Apennine Front, and approached an imposing 12,000-ft. peak called Hadley Delta. The astronauts stepped out of the rover and began to select rocks, describing each to the fascinated geologists back in the science support room in Houston. One rock looked like "green cheese"—until Scott raised his gold-tinted visor and saw that it was really gray.

**Elusive Fragment.** Suddenly, Scott exclaimed: "Guess what we just found!" His prize was a rock made up of large crystals; to scientists his description indicated that it had once been molten and had cooled slowly, probably far below the surface. "The Holy Grail," proclaimed NASA Geochemist Robin Brett, who, like Scott, immediately concluded that the specimen could well be an elusive fragment of the moon's original crust. The crystalline rock, the first large one of its kind found by astronauts, may well give scientists a new slant on the early history of the 4.6 billion-year-old moon. It may also expand man's knowl-

edge of the primordial earth, where wind, water and crustal movements apparently obliterated all rocks older than about 3.4 billion years. The prized rock, Scott reported later in a televised press conference from space, was found on top of a larger brown rock—"sitting there like it was waiting for us."

Next day, the third foray from the lunar lander *Falcon* provided more scientific treasures. Returning to a core tube that they had driven deep into the lunar surface and had been unable to extract, Scott and Irwin tried again. "Ready," said Scott as they hauled at the tube, "one . . . two . . . three . . . uh-hh." After six minutes of struggle, the tube came out. "Nothing like a little P.T. [physical training] to start out the day," said Scott. His exercises were only beginning. Both men struggled for 20 minutes—uttering at least one audible obscenity—before they could separate the sections of the 8-ft.-long core, which had apparently welded together in the vacuum and searing heat of the moon.

**Rille's Origin.** Besides revealing much about the moon, the core may provide an intriguing record of the activities of the sun. Has it suddenly flared up during the past few billion years? Have its fires ever diminished? By studying the microscopic tracks left by the bombardment of cosmic rays in each layer of the core, and by looking for traces of an element like argon—which is blown from the sun to the moon in the stream of particles known as the solar wind—scientists may eventually get their answers.

After returning to the rover, Astro-

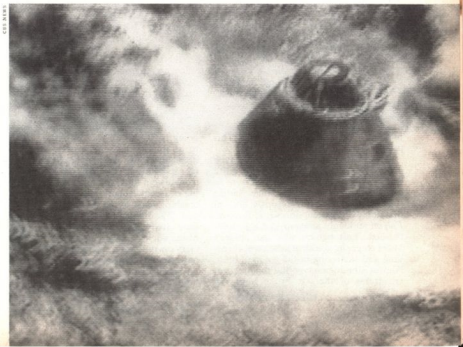
nauts Scott and Irwin drove to Hadley Rille, a long, winding, 1,200-ft.-deep canyon whose origin has long been the subject of scientific debate. While the rover's remote-controlled TV camera followed them with its big-brotherly eye, the astronauts walked slowly down the rille's gently sloping near side. On the almost vertical far wall, they spotted at least two major layers of material. Even more interesting to the scientists in Houston was the astronauts' report that the second major layer contained at least ten subordinate layers.

**Lunar Tumble.** To Egyptian-born Geologist Farouk El Baz, who helped train the astronauts, the layering meant that the rille was not created by the collapse of a single lava tube, as some lunar scientists have suggested, but by a number of separate lava flows. Not so, said Astronaut Harrison Schmitt, a professional geologist himself and a member of Apollo 15's back-up crew. He insisted that the rille could just as well have been the result of faulting, or cracking, of the moon's surface as it cooled off.

As Scott and Irwin edged farther down into the rille, Nobel Laureate Harold Urey, watching in Houston, nervously warned: "Don't get too close, fellows." Moments later, catching a foot on a rock, Scott took a headlong tumble and fell clumsily forward on his right arm and shoulder. Not until Scott was helped to his feet by Irwin and continued his jaunt did the world breathe easy. "This time," vowed the unhurt Scott, "I'll look and make sure I don't fall over some silly rock."

A little later, Scott was on his knees

"ENDEAVOUR" SPLASHING DOWN IN PACIFIC







"FALCON'S" ASCENT STAGE BLASTING OFF  
Off it went into the wild black yonder.

again, intentionally. Using a hammer, he chipped a large chunk off a big, lava-like boulder sitting on the rille's ledge. Then he tucked the piece under his arm like a football and galloped enthusiastically back to the rover. Scientists in Houston shared Scott's exuberance. He had apparently snared a valuable chunk of the moon's bedrock.

**Testing Gravity.** Before re-entering *Falcon* for the final time, Scott unexpectedly demonstrated his scientific—and theatrical—expertise. Holding a hammer in his right hand and a feather from the Air Force Academy's pet falcon Hungry in his left, Scott said, "I guess one of the reasons we got here today was because of a gentleman named Galileo, who a long time ago made a rather significant discovery about falling objects in gravity fields."

Scott was referring to Galileo's assertion that objects in the same field fall at the same rate of acceleration regardless of their weight. Only air resistance, Galileo told the skeptics of his day, caused a lighter object like a feather to descend more slowly. Because there is no lunar atmosphere, Scott had decided the moon would be a perfect stage for a Galilean gravity demonstration. It was. Feather and hammer hit the surface simultaneously, and Scott jubilantly said, "How about that? This proves that Mr. Galileo was correct."

After Scott and Irwin climbed back aboard *Falcon*, TV watchers on earth were treated to their first view of a lunar launch. Unlike the huge Saturn rocket, which lifts ponderously and, at first, almost imperceptibly from the pad, *Falcon* suddenly shot up like a jack-in-the-box. Left behind was the lander's lower stage, its gold insulation foil shredding and scattering in the engine's blast. Almost simultaneously, the tape-recorded strains of the Air Force song, *Off*

*We Go into the Wild Blue Yonder*, came from *Falcon's* radio, "Hey," said Scott, "a good smooth ride."

**Busy Pilot.** High overhead in *Endeavour*, Al Worden was making good use of his time. During his three lonely days of solo orbiting, he was busier than any previous command module pilot, working through a taxing schedule of scientific experiments. Worden's first important finding was his observation of relatively young volcanically formed cones at the edge of the Sea of Serenity. According to NASA scientists, this is the best evidence yet that the moon may have been volcanically active as recently as a billion years ago. Until now, many scientists thought that the moon's eruptions had ceased much earlier in its history.

The \$10 million package of instruments crammed into an equipment bay of *Endeavour's* service module provided equally spectacular findings. A mass spectrometer detected an eruption of carbon dioxide gas and traces of hydrocarbons on the moon's far side. Such emissions could be a sign of continued volcanism (although scientists cautioned that they might have come from *Endeavour* itself). Working in conjunction with a laser altimeter, X-ray and gamma-ray spectrometers radioed evidence of the moon's chemical composition. Readings showed greater concentrations of aluminum in the lunar highlands than in the moon's maria. In addition, sensors detected a curious radioactive "hot spot" in the Sea of Storms.

Later, on the homeward voyage, Worden conducted a more esoteric experiment. Pointing his instruments at X-ray sources far out in the galaxy, he recorded the emissions for clues that might be used to confirm the existence of "black holes"—weird, theorized remnants of huge, collapsed stars. He also awed earthlings—including his two daughters—by taking a televised 18-min. walk in deep space some 200,000 miles from earth to retrieve the exposed film cassettes from the service module's cameras.

**Brief Concern.** Two hours after their lift-off, Scott and Irwin were reunited with their hard-working buddy. After passing the precious cargo of moon rocks into *Endeavour* and closing the hatch, Scott said wistfully: "The *Falcon* is back on its roost and going to sleep." In fact, it came to a thunderous end. After a brief flurry of concern because of a possible hatch leak, the astronauts cut loose the lunar module's ascent stage and sent it crashing back to the moon's surface 59 miles west of Hadley Base. Its impact jiggled all three of the nuclear-powered seismometers on the moon, including the new Apollo 15 instrument. Geophysicist Gary Latham of Columbia University was delighted.

The shock waves, he reported, indicated that the moon has a crustlike surface layer at least 15 miles thick.

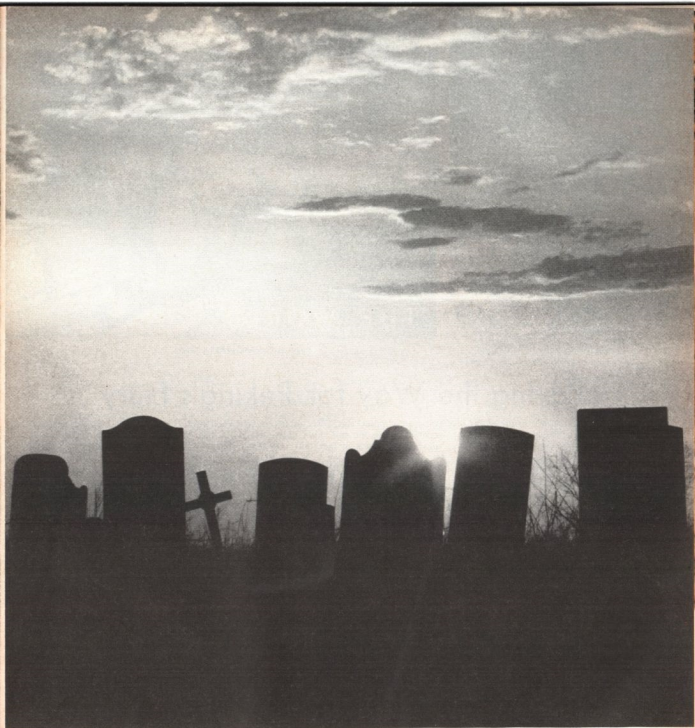
For the next two days, the reunited crew continued circling the moon—performing more experiments, photographing parts of the lunar surface never before seen by man, and in the case of Scott and Irwin, catching up on some badly needed sleep. On the last day in orbit, activities perked up. The astronauts were awakened by the theme from the film *2001: A Space Odyssey* and later launched a 78.5-lb. scientific sub-satellite into orbit around the moon. Almost immediately, earthbound controllers detected radio signals from the \$1.7 million instrument package. The satellite's sensors will provide new information about the plasmas and magnetic field in the vicinity of the moon. Ground trackers, recording irregularities in the satellite's orbit, will also be able to map the variations in the moon's gravitational field believed to be caused by "mascons" (for mass concentrations) under some lunar seas. As he caught a glimpse of the gleaming, spinning little moon outside his window, Scott exclaimed: "Tally ho! That's a very pretty satellite out there."

**Good Burn.** Just before *Endeavour* disappeared behind the moon on its 74th revolution, ground controllers gave it a "go" for one more important maneuver: firing the command ship's big 20,500-lb.-thrust engine to kick it out of lunar orbit. "Set your sails for home," said Mission Control. "We're predicting good weather, a strong tailwind, and we'll be waiting on the docks." Thirty-five minutes later, as *Endeavour* re-emerged and regained radio contact, Scott gave the happy word. The 2 min. 21 sec. burn had been flawless. Said Scott: "Endeavour is on the way home."



WORDEN GIRLS WATCH SPACE WALK  
Taxing schedule for three lonely days.

TIME, AUGUST 16, 1971



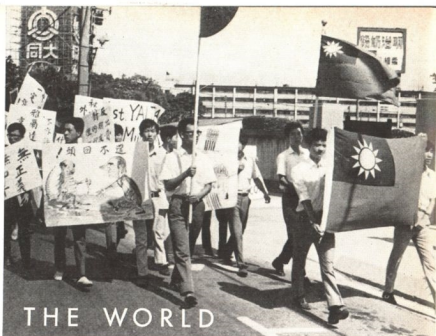
## Drowsy drivers don't go to jail.

But many of them end up dead. Make sure you're not one of them. The monotony of highway driving can make you drowsy anytime. That's why the makers of NoDoz® urge you to get plenty of rest before you drive, to take frequent breaks for fresh air and exercise, and to keep NoDoz handy. NoDoz contains caffeine, same as coffee, to help you stay alert. NoDoz. The Turnpike Tablet.





"I keep telling you—he wants me, not the chair!"



STUDENTS MARCHING IN TAIPEI

## Paving the Way for Peking's Entry

*We think the realities of the world require that both [Peking and Taipei] be represented. One represents 700 million to 800 million people. In Taiwan there are 14 million or more people. And we think both should be represented in the United Nations.*

**E**VEN though it was no great surprise, Secretary of State William Rogers' formal announcement that the U.S. would actively support Peking's admission to the U.N. this fall was a milestone, reversing a policy that had endured since the first attempt to seat the mainland Communist regime 21 years ago.

The new U.S. policy was attacked by both Chinas, since each claims to be the sole and rightful representative of all of China's people. But that did not deter the Administration. As President Nixon told reporters in the Oval Office after returning from a swing through Iowa and Ohio, China must be regarded not only as "the most populous nation in the world," [but one] which potentially in the future could become the most powerful nation in the world."

Despite Washington's "two-China" policy, Mao Tse-tung's regime may

ultimately enter the U.N. on its own terms—as the one and only Chinese delegation. There is in fact only one seat marked "China" at the U.N. The U.S. effort to seat two delegations in the U.N.'s Manhattan headquarters (see box, page 25) will involve an effort to side-step a fundamental issue of representation—if Peking takes the China seat, whom does Taipei represent? The strategy may not work; in truth, the U.S. might be relieved of some sticky diplomatic problems if it fails and Taipei is expelled. But the Administration rejects suggestions that its effort to keep Taipei in the U.N. might be less than wholehearted. "We are going all out," said George Bush, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. "It's going to be difficult, but we believe we have a chance."

**Desultory Demonstrations.** Though the new U.S. policy put Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist regime at a decided disadvantage, Taipei was outwardly calm. The regime issued a terse statement that merely promised a fight for Taipei's "lawful rights and position" in the U.N., and warned that the organization could "drift into impotence and total failure" if Peking is admitted.

In Taipei, where there had been some desultory demonstrations earlier, the Rogers announcement was received calmly. A few red, yellow and green posters urging the world to save the U.N., BLOCK THE COMMUNISTS' ENTRY appeared on downtown walls. The foreign ministry organized regional conferences of its diplomats in Asia, Africa and Latin America in preparation for a new diplomatic offensive. The chances that such an offensive will suc-

ceed are slim indeed. Only last week, Turkey became the eighth NATO member (of 15) to recognize Peking and sever relations with Taipei, and Greece may soon follow suit. With reason, the Nationalists are increasingly fretful about diplomatic isolation, and they are no longer summarily breaking relations with governments that recognize Peking.

Taipei is also becoming less rigid about the conditions under which it would remain in the U.N. The regime now says that it will stay in the U.N. in order to "fight the Communists" if Peking is voted in. There is also talk in Taipei of staying on even if the Communists actually come to New York to occupy a seat. What if Taipei were voted out of its seat on the Security Council, as is almost certain, and could hope for no more than a seat in the Assembly? Despite U.S. prodding, Taipei has yet to provide a clear answer. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek must make the final decision, but he seems in no hurry.

**Disgusting Duet.** It was Peking and not Taipei that exploded at Washington's announcement. The official New China News Agency thundered that the U.S. decision "peddles the preposterous proposition of two Chinas." It accused Rogers of "barefaced lying," described the two-Chinas plan not only as "absolutely illegal and futile" but also as a "trick" designed to keep Taiwan in the U.N. and thus make it impossible for Peking to accept a seat. The Chinese seemed particularly worried about Japan's role; they insisted that Tokyo had a key "go-between" role in the "disgusting duet" played by Washington

\* The current U.N. estimate is 740 million, and most American demographers lean to ward 800 million. But not even Peking is sure of the size of the population it commands. The last published census, taken in 1953, showed 583 million. Peking now claims 700 million. But when American Journalist Edgar Snow asked Mao Tse-tung about these figures, the Chairman said in disbelief: "How could there be so many?"





# The system that moves the \$7,400 Cadillac Eldorado also moves the \$3,600 Audi.

## But we had it first.

Virtually every car in the world moves by a system known as rear-wheel drive. Which means the rear wheels *push* the car.

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**Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen**

# BABY BATH

And 12 other Armco ideas for the smallest room in the house.

Why didn't somebody think of this before? A special fixture for infant bathing that also does double duty for hair washing and grooming.

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**Imagination  
is our  
raw material**



and Taipei. N.C.N.A. saw dark portents in the recent visit of Chiang Kai-shek's personal secretary, Chang Chun, to Tokyo; Peking seems to fear that Japan is easing into the role of protector of Taiwan, which was under Japanese rule for a half-century before V-J day.

The Administration was not surprised by the harsh words. U.S. officials understand that Peking cannot change its tone too quickly; it must try to keep restive allies in North Viet Nam and North Korea content while "normalizing" relations with the U.S. Still there was some uneasiness at Peking's vehemence—mostly beyond Administration circles.

Forecasting what it would be like with Peking in the U.N., former Ambassador Arthur Goldberg said: "Let's not kid ourselves. They are going to be very, very troublesome." Former G.O.P. Congressman Walter Judd, long a stalwart friend of Nationalist China, complained that "in essence, what President Nixon said is, 'If they won't give in, we will.'"

The Administration counters that its willingness to back Peking's admission to the U.N. is an unavoidable consequence of reality; in its own interest the U.S. needs to establish relations with the regime that governs one-fourth of the world's population.

## Two United Nations Scenarios

THE annual rite of fall—the struggle over who should represent China in the United Nations—used to be fairly predictable. In past sessions, the drama has swirled around the so-called Albanian resolution, which offers the U.N.'s 127 members a simple choice: Taipei or Peking. This year, with the U.S. not only dropping its opposition to Peking's entry but working for the seating of both governments, the delegates will be able to vote for one or the other—or for both.

This opens the way to an almost infinite number of tactical possibilities. "With good staff work, we might come up with 5,000 scenarios and miss what actually happens," said one U.S. expert. Nonetheless, seasoned U.N. watchers are concentrating on two possible scenarios, depending on how energetic the U.S. is in its effort to preserve Taipei's seat:

**HOW TAIPEI MIGHT GET THROWN OUT.** If the pro-Peking forces feel strong or judge that Taipei's support is in disarray, Albania might call for "priority consideration" of its resolution, which could bring it to a vote in late September or early October. The Albanian resolution provides for the seating of Peking both in the General Assembly and in the Security Council, as well as the outright expulsion of Taipei.

The key element of all this maneuvering is the General Assembly rule that questions designated "important" require a two-thirds vote, while other questions including "procedural" matters can be settled by a simple majority vote. The question of whether an issue is to be treated as important is settled by a majority vote.

In the past the U.S. has always managed to block the Albanian resolution by rounding up a simple majority on a procedural motion declaring the matter important. But having counted heads last year, the U.S. has concluded that it can no longer depend on enough support for this. In short, the Albanian resolution will

no longer be important. In the absence of any other parliamentary maneuver, it is thus possible that a simple majority might vote for the Albanian resolution as it stands. In that case, Taiwan would be out.

**HOW TAIPEI MIGHT HANG ON.** To prevent Taipei's expulsion, the U.S. could resort to another parliamentary maneuver; it could make a procedural move calling for separate treatment of the Albanian resolution's two parts, splitting the section that requires the seating of Peking from the section that requires the expulsion of Taipei. The logic behind such a move is simple: a majority of the General Assembly wants to seat Peking, but does not necessarily want to see Taipei thrown out.

In this stratagem, admission of Peking would presumably be carried by a simple majority. Then, if the U.S. had its way, expulsion of Taipei would be defined as an important matter requiring a two-thirds vote, which the advocates of Taipei's ouster might fail to muster.

Taking another tack, the U.S. could introduce a separate procedural resolution declaring that Taipei is a U.N. member in good standing—despite uncertainties about what it represents—and thus could not, under the U.N. charter, be ousted without a two-thirds vote. If either version were successful, Taipei would stay in the U.N.—and Peking probably would, as it has promised, refuse to take its newly won seat.

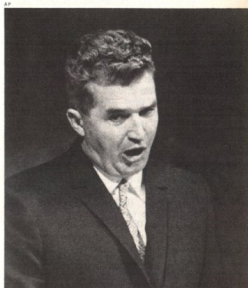
What of China's permanent seat (and veto power) in the Security Council? Even if the U.S. successfully defends Taipei's seat in the General Assembly, Peking is almost certain to be voted into the Security Council, where "China" is one of the five permanent veto-wielding members. The others, including the U.S., are unanimous in their desire to see Peking take its place. Thus they would have to try to "neutralize" Taipei's veto.

## COMMUNISTS

### The Crimean Summit

It was quite a coincidence. The way Moscow tells it, the Communist Party boss of every nation in the Soviet bloc—with one notable exception—just happened to be vacationing on Russia's Crimean peninsula last week. Since they were all on hand anyway, even Mongolia's Yumshagin Tsendenbal, why not get together for a little fraternal talk?

The missing party chief was Rumania's independent-minded Nicolae Ceausescu, who was sunning himself on his country's own Black Sea coast. Was he deliberately overlooked by the Kremlin, or did he refuse to attend what was in reality a Communist summit conference? The question was asked with some nervousness in Eastern Europe last week; in August 1968 the Soviet-led invasion of Czechoslovakia was preceded by two Warsaw Pact summit meetings from



RUMANIA'S CEAEUSCU  
Ominous parallels.

which the leaders of Prague's "Springtime of Freedom" had been excluded.

There are other ominous parallels. The 1968 meetings were accompanied by military maneuvers, and last week a new Warsaw Pact exercise dubbed Opal 71 began in Hungary, uncomfortably close to Rumania's western frontier. Early next week full-scale war games are scheduled to begin in Bulgaria, near Rumania's southern border.

**Cozy Relations.** Moscow is irritated with Ceausescu for a number of reasons. Rumanian combat units have not participated in Warsaw Pact maneuvers for more than three years. Under a law that he concocted shortly after the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia, foreign troops may not cross Rumanian territory without permission from the National Assembly. As it happens, the Assembly suddenly went into recess a few

days ago. That means that Moscow will have to fly three full divisions, totaling as many as 40,000 men, to the impending war games in Bulgaria, or ship them across the Black Sea—unless it wants to risk marching them through Rumania without official permission.

What most unsettles the Kremlin at the moment, however, is Ceausescu's cozy relations with China, particularly now that Peking and Washington are beginning to speak to one another. The Russians believe that the Rumanian leader helped to open Peking's door to Richard Nixon both before and during his own trip to Peking in June. With 600,000 Russian troops stationed along China's borders and no sign of an end to the Sino-Soviet feud, Moscow considers Ceausescu's conduct a grave breach of Socialist solidarity.

**Usual Secrecy.** Accordingly, ever since Ceausescu returned from China, the Soviets have been seeking an opportunity to get the Warsaw Pact countries together to censure him for his Asian indiscretions. Two weeks ago, the Soviet Ambassador to Bucharest handed Ceausescu a letter from Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev. Foreign diplomats in Rumania believe that the letter advised Ceausescu that a Communist summit was going to be held in the Crimea but they disagree over whether Ceausescu refused an invitation or was snubbed. But as one high-ranking Rumanian official put it, "If we had been invited, we would have participated."

The meeting was surrounded by the usual secrecy; non-Communist observers are not even certain whether it was held at Sochi or 40 miles away at Pitsunda. Presumably, the conferees touched on a wide range of foreign policy problems—Berlin, the Soviet setback in the Sudan, China. What most interested Kremlinologists was the final conference communiqué containing a short but sharp denunciation of "left-wing and right-wing opportunism." Translated, that means China on the left and Yugoslavia and Rumania on the right.

**Ceausescu's Law.** In view of such criticisms, how has Rumania's leader managed to survive? For one thing, he has remained markedly conservative in domestic affairs. That has made it impossible for the Soviets to accuse him of unorthodoxy. According to what Western observers call Ceausescu's Law, the more daring the foreign policy, the more rigidly conservative the domestic climate. Accordingly, Ceausescu followed up his Peking trip with a tough crackdown on those "invidious Western influences" that the Soviets regularly criticize as bourgeois and decadent.

Rumanians dubbed the new policy, which was announced only two weeks after Ceausescu's return from China, the *mini-culturală*, after Peking's Cultural Revolution. Among the casualties so far have been acid-rock music on state radio and in youth clubs (too Western), the movie *Midnight Cowboy* (perverted) and the American TV series

*The Untouchables* (too violent). Ceausescu evidently believes that the *mini-culturală* begins at home; his teen-age son Valentin appeared last week with his formerly long locks closely shorn. He explained to friends that his father had ordered the haircut.

Will Nicolae Ceausescu's cultural purity save him from Russia's wrath? In all likelihood, the Russian-Rumanian crisis will prove to be nothing more than a Soviet campaign of intimidation. The situation is significantly different from Czechoslovakia in 1968; the Russians know that the Rumanians, like the Yugoslavs, would fight if they were attacked. Even so, the current war of nerves is an uncomfortable reminder to many East Europeans of that terrible August three years ago.



"Heard the latest from the White House? From now on we're to make love, not war."

## DISARMAMENT

### Ban on Biologicals

As they emerged from a conference room in Geneva's Palais des Nations, Soviet Ambassador Aleksei Roshchin and U.S. Ambassador James Leonard made no effort to conceal their delight. They had just agreed on a draft treaty banning the development, production and stockpiling of biological weapons, and pledged to negotiate another treaty forbidding chemical weapons. Said Leonard: "We are particularly pleased that we are now engaged in applying real disarmament measures as opposed to earlier agreements that dealt with preventive measures against rearming."

The agreement came after nearly two years of deadlock at the 25-nation Geneva Disarmament Conference. In March, Moscow abandoned its earlier position that biological and chemical

weapons had to be covered in one treaty. Washington had insisted that chemical weapons be negotiated separately on the grounds that more stringent inspection would be required. There was also the complication that the U.S. was using chemical weapons, notably tear gases and herbicides, in Viet Nam.

The present draft treaty, which will eventually go to the U.N. General Assembly, does not provide for an inspection system, but violations may be brought before the Security Council. The Russians have never admitted to having any biological weapons, though intelligence sources say that Russia does have vast stockpiles. The U.S., which reportedly has a billion lethal doses of nerve gas alone, has already started destroying its stockpiles.

The draft treaty mentions "the important significance" of the 1925 Geneva Protocol banning the use of gases and bacteriological agents. As it happens, the U.S. never ratified that treaty. The Nixon Administration resubmitted the protocol to the Senate in late 1969, but stated that it did not interpret it to include irritant gases and herbicides. Since this directly contradicted a 1969 United Nations resolution, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee earlier this year asked the Administration to restudy the herbicide and tear gas question. There the matter rests.

## EAST-WEST

### Breakthrough on Berlin?

"In negotiations," Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko once observed, "it is the last 20 minutes that count." Last week there were strong rumors in Bonn that the four-power Berlin talks, now in their 17th month, might be approaching the 20-minute countdown. When the Big Four ambassadors meet this week in West Berlin's old Prussian High Court Building, they are expected to make it a marathon session that may last three days. Speculation was that they are ready to hammer out the last kinks in an "umbrella agreement" on the city's status. Such a breakthrough could not come at a more fitting moment: this week marks the tenth anniversary of the building of the Berlin Wall.

**Decisive Stage.** Though U.S. and British diplomats cautioned last week against undue optimism, and warned that it might be October or even later before an agreement is reached, West German Chancellor Willy Brandt said in Sweden that the talks have reached a "decisive stage." There were also indications that the Soviet side was straightening out its signals. After last week's Crimean summit talks, where Berlin was a key topic, East German Communist Party Chief Erich Honecker flew to Moscow. There he conferred with Soviet Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev and Ambassador to East Germany Pyotr Abramov, the Soviet representative at the Berlin talks.



The pace of the talks has been steadily accelerating since May. Until then the Soviets had insisted that access routes to West Berlin, 110 miles inside East Germany, be worked out by Bonn and the East German regime—which none of the Allies recognize diplomatically. But in May Moscow agreed for the first time since the end of World War II to guarantee free access to and from West Berlin.

In return for this concession, West Germany and the Western Allies agreed to limit the Bonn government's presence in the city by barring certain official visits and meetings of the Bundestag (West Germany's national assembly).

**Last Hurdle.** After an overall agreement is worked out, West and East Germany will open direct talks on details relating to access to West Berlin—how checkpoints will operate, *Autobahn* and rail fees, procedures for searches. Then the whole package will go back to the Big Four for final approval.

The Soviet desire to speed up the Berlin negotiations has become increasingly evident. An agreement would clear the last remaining hurdle for their cherished European Security Conference, aimed at nailing down the status quo in Eastern Europe and getting international recognition for East Germany. It would accelerate the opening of NATO-Warsaw Pact talks on troop reductions in Central Europe. Finally, it would prompt Brandt to seek Bundestag ratification of the nonaggression treaties of Moscow and Warsaw, which have been delayed pending a Berlin agreement. Whether such a settlement happens this week or later, the talks have certainly come a long way since the days when Nikita Khrushchev declared that West Berlin was like a "cancerous growth" that ought to be cut out.

ISRAELI SOLDIER TENDING TOMATOES



## MIDDLE EAST

### Year of Peace and Decision

A year ago last week, the guns fell silent along the Suez Canal as Egypt and Israel announced their acceptance of U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers' plan for a cease-fire. At the time, United Nations Secretary-General U Thant declared: "The road ahead is long, arduous and uncertain, but if only there is a will for peace, all obstacles can be surmounted and peace will be achieved." In the year since, few obstacles have been surmounted, and a formula for peace has yet to be found. But the year-long respite has produced a profound change in the mood of the combatants (see box, following page).

Along the canal, TIME Correspondent Marsh Clark found an almost dreamlike calm, the silence broken by only the cawing of a blackbird and the sound of popular music from a radio in an Israeli bunker. Visitors were greeted by a red-and-white sign in Hebrew: LEISURE AND HOLIDAY VILLAGE. Near by, Israeli troops could see the skyline of the deserted city of Suez shimmering in the haze, and sometimes caught a glimpse of Egyptian soldiers swimming, fishing or making occasional threatening gestures in their direction. For their part, the Israelis tended tomato patches, sunned themselves or played chess. As one ranking Israeli official put it last week, the peace has endured because "on all sides, there is a reluctance to resume fighting."

**Sadat's Assurance.** There is also a deep-seated resistance to making concessions to achieve a permanent peace, as U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco rediscovered during a ten-day visit to Israel that ended last week. Sisco's primary objective was to find ways to reach an interim settlement leading to the reopening of the Suez Canal, thereby helping to ease Egypt's humiliation over the continued occupation of its territory by Israeli forces. The way for Sisco's trip was paved by an assurance given by Egyptian President Anwar Sadat to Don Bergus, the senior U.S. diplomat in Cairo, that Egypt was still interested in achieving an interim settlement—providing it led to an eventual Israeli pullback from all Arab territory—and was still amenable to having the U.S. serve as a mediator.

The Egyptians insist on at least a token presence of their troops on the east bank of the canal, and the U.S. is believed to have suggested to the Israelis that they pull back to the Mitla Pass, some 25 miles from the canal. There were further reports last week that in return for such a withdrawal, the Nixon Administration was considering a plan to sell Israel about 50 Phantom jets and 60 Skyhawks over the next three to four years.

Sisco presented Israeli Premier Golda Meir with a bouquet at the final session ("So you are saying it with flowers," she observed dryly), and described



SISCO WITH MRS. MEIR  
An occasionally heated exchange.

his talks with the Israelis as "friendly." But on occasion they were fairly heated. Some Israelis argued the rather Byzantine notion that by their very intransigence, they were impelling Sadat to depend more heavily on the U.S. and less on the Russians for finding a solution; Sisco took the position that Sadat would be more likely to accept a peaceful settlement if the Israelis were to show greater flexibility. The Israelis also expressed their fear of what is known in Jerusalem as the "losing war" syndrome: that Egypt might decide to provoke a new conflict in order to lose and thereby force the imposition of a big-power solution.

**Arab Setbacks.** The only concrete offer Sisco could extract from the hard-bargaining Israelis was a modest concession to withdraw five or six miles from the canal with the condition that no Egyptian soldiers cross to the east bank. When Sisco proposed a "symbolic" crossing of Egyptian troops to the east bank, Mrs. Meir replied quite sarcastically. She reminded him that last year, when Israel complained of massive Soviet missile movements near the canal in violation of the cease-fire, Sisco soothingly suggested that all those SA-3s were merely symbolic.

When he left Israel, Sisco said: "I expected no breakthroughs. None were achieved." That was candid, but disheartening. When Egypt's Sadat described 1971 as the "year of decision," one of the things he meant was that there would have to be some diplomatic progress if the year-old cease-fire were to last much longer.

The Israelis realize full well that their relative strength has increased during the past year, if only because of the setbacks suffered by the Arabs. Two events overshadow all the others in the Arab

world: the death of Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, the Arabs' only supranational leader, and the crushing by Jordan's King Hussein of the Palestinian guerrillas who long operated freely within his country's borders. Only last month, in a continuing display of disunity, Syria and Iraq closed their borders with Jordan in protest against Hussein's routing of the guerrillas; two weeks ago, Libya's impetuous young strongman, Muammar Gaddafi, urged the Jordanian army to overthrow its King.

The Arab cause was further shaken by the recent coup and counter-coup in the Sudan. Restored to power two weeks ago, Sudan's Major General Jaafar Numeiry accused the Soviet Union and Bulgaria of having had a hand in his temporary overthrow. Last week he summarily expelled the senior Soviet and Bulgarian diplomats in Khartoum, withdrew his own envoy to Moscow, and sacked the five Communist Ministers in his Cabinet. Fearful of being attacked by angry Arab mobs, hundreds of Russian and East European technicians in the Sudan remained in their quarters. When the Soviet press

launched an attack against him for his anti-Communist campaign, which included the execution of three top party officials, Numeiry demanded in fury that the Soviets end their diatribe within 48 hours.

**Nobody's Satellites.** Although disputes in the Arab world usually sound worse than they actually are, it was clear that the Soviet Union, which had heretofore been Numeiry's chief military supplier, would never again be so strong in the Sudan. "Our people have rejected the Communist Party and the ideas that it propagates," Numeiry declared in an interview with TIME Correspondent Eric Robins. "The recent events have proved that the dissolved Communist Party was isolated and that our people were faithful to their religion, traditions and the principles of our own revolution." He implied that the coup would improve the Sudan's relations with China and even the U.S. There can be no resumption of diplomatic relations with the U.S. so long as the U.S. continues to support the Israeli cause, said Numeiry, "but our economic and cultural relations with Amer-

ica have endured, and I hope it may be possible to expand them." He described his relations with China as "excellent," knowing full well how much that would upset Moscow. Added Numeiry: "We are happy to observe a steady growth of cooperation with the Chinese in all fields."

Numeiry's stance underscored the deep-rooted resistance in Arab lands to Communist ideology, as distinct from Soviet aid (TIME, Aug. 9). Egypt, for example, relies almost totally on Moscow for military equipment, including some sophisticated Soviet aircraft—a handful of MIG-23s and about 20 SU-11s, the hottest planes in the Russian air force. Even so, President Anwar Sadat told a closed session of his Arab Socialist Union two weeks ago that Egypt would never become Communist, would never recognize an Arab Communist government and would continue to resist Communism throughout the Arab world. A prominent Egyptian added pointedly last week: "If the Soviets want to read political interpretations into Arab arrangements with them, that is their business. We are the satellites of no one."

## A Mood of Relaxation

*TIME Correspondent Martin Levin, who has lived in Israel for 24 years, was slightly jolted last week to receive a stern warning from the Israeli Defense Forces that unless he did something about the poor condition of the bomb shelter in his basement, he might face a fine and trial. He was somewhat relieved to discover, however, that similar warnings had been sent to nearly every one of his 62 neighbors in Jerusalem's Nayot section, including a teen-ager who was using his family's shelter as a study room by day and a discotheque by night. Nonetheless, writes Levin, the incident had a sobering effect after a year of peace. His report:*

DOES this mean we're expecting another war?" my son Donnie, 12, asked when the letter arrived. "Not necessarily," I replied. "But it does mean that the army wants you to get your bike out of the bomb shelter." "And our trunks," added my wife.

During the Arab siege of 1948, Israelis encouraged each other with the saying "*Yihye tov*" (It will be good). During last year's fighting along the Suez Canal, they said, "*Yihye beseder*" (It will be O.K.). Now they don't say anything, because things are better than ever before.

Today the grinding war of attrition seems strangely remote. No longer do people walk down Jerusalem's King George Street with transistors pressed to their ears. No longer do newscasts begin with casualty lists; only 15 soldiers were killed by enemy action during the past year, by guerrilla mines or bullets. No longer do old friends meet regularly at funerals. At one funeral a young man in uniform murmured, "Who knows? I may be buried in the next grave." About a week later he was.

Not only do we not meet friends regularly at funerals, we hardly see them at all. Who has time, with all the American tourists flooding the country? In one week last month, nine relatives from the U.S., four close friends and two friends of distant cousins were in Israel. With jumbo jets disgorging hundreds at a time, and more than 100 flights per day going in and out, Transport Minister Shimon Peres complains, "We prepared for 3,000 tourists a day. We did not expect 10,000." Tourism in the occupied territories, from

Sharm el Sheikh to the Golan Heights, is also thriving.

The cease-fire has gradually eased Israel's siege mentality. Police roadblocks have been replaced by radar traps to curb speeding. Strikes have increased. The "Black Panthers," mainly underprivileged young people from Eastern countries, have taken to the streets to protest discrimination. Black-frocked Orthodox Jews have renewed their fight for an end to Sabbath desecrations by stoning buses. Four high school students sent back their draft notices, declaring: "We are not ready to serve in an occupying army."

Alarmed by such signs of relaxation, Golda Meir asked Is-



ISRAELIS DINING IN SHARM EL SHEIKH TOURIST CENTER

rael's parliament: "What has happened to us in the past year? We are behaving as if there were no danger ahead of us, as if we had already achieved the peace we long for."

Israel's new mood is not a sign of weakness. But it is true that as the rewards of peace relieve the fears of the nation, the distaste for a resumption of hostilities is growing. For the first time last week I heard an army officer say that it might not be a bad idea to withdraw a certain distance from the entrenched positions along the Suez Canal. "After all," he said, "we Israelis are not made to be moles."

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### And Then There Were Two

The filing deadline for South Viet Nam's presidential elections came last week, and Nguyen Cao Ky's chances went. In what one U.S. embassy official described as "the most critical week of the election," President Nguyen Van Thieu managed to eliminate his Vice President from the October balloting. South Viet Nam's Supreme Court ruled provisionally that Ky was ineligible to run because he lacked a sufficient number of certified endorsements. If the Thieu-controlled court confirms that decision, as is virtually certain, there will be a two-man contest between Thieu and General Duong Van ("Big") Minh—unless Minh carries out his threat to drop out on the grounds that the election is rigged.

The key factor in shrinking the field was an electoral law that Thieu rammed through the National Assembly in June. It requires a candidate to submit to the Supreme Court the certified signatures of 100 provincial councilmen and city mayors (out of 550) or of 40 Assemblymen (out of 191). The hitch—for Ky—was that in the 44 provinces, only the province chiefs could certify the signatures, and they all owe their jobs to Thieu. Ky submitted 102 endorsements, but only 62 were certified; the court ruled the rest invalid because the endorsers had already signed for Thieu. The President had amassed the astonishing total of 448 endorsements from councilmen and 104 from Assemblymen; Minh barely made it with 44 Assembly endorsements.

**On Cue.** When the search for provincial endorsements looked utterly hopeless, Ky's forces made a last-minute stab at the Assembly. There, 59 members had remained uncommitted despite Thieu's pressure tactics. Suddenly, as if on cue, Dr. Tran Tam, a Catholic theologian and former Director of Information in the regime of Ngo Dinh Diem, declared himself a candidate, and 28 Assemblymen just as suddenly endorsed him, thus leaving an insufficient number to validate Ky's candidacy. Even before the filing deadline passed, Tam dropped from the race. Few observers believe the Tam candidacy was anything other than a Thieu ploy to block Ky.

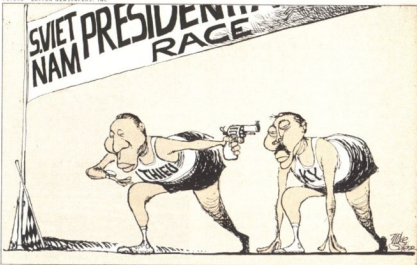
Ky, strapped for cash, probably could not have mustered more than 20% of the vote in the election. But that 20% might have been enough to let Minh slip into power, since most of it probably would have been siphoned from Thieu's reservoir of votes—the military and the hard-liners.

Will Minh now withdraw and turn the election into a farcical no-contest? The U.S. embassy, appalled at the prospect, is putting heavy pressure on him to stay in the race. As a measure of U.S. concern, Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker arrives in Washington this week for consultations at the White House, and it is safe to assume that the situ-

ation will be a major item on the agenda. The signs are that, at least for the time being, Minh will stay. Says his running mate, Saigon Physician Ho Van ("Little") Minh, 35, who is no kin: "Ky's elimination is an important factor for us, but not the decisive factor. We are ready to accept a certain degree of pressure, of threats, of the use of administrative machinery to influence the vote. But there is a limit."

**Made in America.** Big Minh has been presented as the peace candidate and the Buddhist hero of the 1963 coup. In fact, as admitted by one of his aides, his peace stance hardly differs from Thieu's; the important thing is that Hanoi says it will not talk with Thieu, but will talk with someone else.

PETER—GAYTON NEWSPAPERS, INC.



Minh's real strength is that he is a southerner, a nationalist, a reputedly good soldier and a sympathetic personality.

Thieu's great advantage lies in his control of a huge government and military machine ("made in America," says Minh) that can be used for campaigning, pressuring the voters, and, if necessary, falsifying the results. On that account alone, Thieu's ticket is regarded as unbeatable by most observers.

It is widely believed, however, that Thieu could win without resorting to dubious tactics. Moreover, as a career officer and a Catholic, he has substantial support among the 1,000,000 members of the military and Catholics, 2,000,000 strong in a population of 17 million. He should win strong support in the populous Mekong Delta with help from his wife and his running mate, ex-Premier Tran Van Huong, who are both closely identified with that area. Huong, a two-time mayor of Saigon, should also help Thieu win votes in the capital.

**Political Disruption.** Thieu has grown increasingly intractable as far as the U.S. is concerned. The gradual U.S. withdrawal has significantly decreased Washington's leverage in Saigon. The new U.S. approach to China has re-

duced that leverage further, largely because Thieu fears that a deal is about to be worked out that will undermine him and his government. Thieu has made little headway in binding up the nation's wounds. The morale of the ARVN is low, the government has failed to confront the financial crisis evolving from U.S. withdrawal, and corruption gnaws relentlessly at the nation's moral fiber.

A recently captured Viet Cong document takes note of these difficulties. While conceding the Communists' military inferiority, the document describes their political prospects with confidence. "We should clearly realize," it continues, "that although the enemy has gained some temporary results, he has suffered serious political failure and given us ab-

solute political superiority." If the document presages a shift in Communist strategy from the military to the political, Big Minh and Little Minh could turn out to be the least of Thieu's problems.

## LAOS

### The Twilight Zone

The total budget for the Kingdom of Laos this year is a paltry \$36.6 million. To fight a war there, the U.S. in fiscal 1971 spent \$284.2 million—or \$141 for every one of the approximately 2,000,000 men, women and children under government control. (The gross national product totals only \$66 per capita.)

These bizarre statistics are contained in a once secret staff report released last week by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee after five weeks of haggling with the Administration over declassifying its salient points. The figures become even more bizarre when the cost of air operations—one of the figures still classified, but reliably estimated at \$1.4 billion—is included, bringing per capita expenditure up to an incredible \$900. The report was compiled after a visit to Laos last spring by Richard Moose and James Lowenstein, both



former Foreign Service officers, who are the committee's staff experts on Southeast Asia. Their findings at least partially lifted what Committee Member Stuart Symington called "the veil of secrecy, which has long kept this 'secret war' in Laos officially hidden from the American people." The study also came to the discouraging conclusion that despite vast expenditures by the U.S., the military situation in Laos "is growing steadily worse, and the initiative seems clearly to be in the hands of the enemy."

**War by Proxy.** Though the 23-page document focuses on the clandestine nature of U.S. operations in Laos, the fact is that quite a few nations are involved in the same way. The reason for the secrecy is that none of the nations want to be accused of violating Laotian neutrality, which is guaranteed by the Geneva accords of 1962.

The North Vietnamese have always considered Laos vital in their struggle to unify Viet Nam. As early as 1953, an NVA division invaded Laos and slashed all the way to the Mekong. The Chinese have been working on an extensive road project in northern Laos since 1962, with a sizable military presence for protection. According to the Moose-Lowenstein report, that presence has increased from 6,000 two years ago to as many as 20,000 today, and carries with it a concentration of anti-aircraft and radar installations, which makes the area one of the most heavily defended in the world.

There is little doubt that the North Vietnamese were the first to violate the territorial integrity and neutrality of Laos. But for a variety of reasons, including domestic politics, the U.S. never responded openly to this situation. Instead, Communist clandestine operations in Laos were matched—and often surpassed—by the U.S. and its allies.

Not all of the secret adventures are mentioned in the Foreign Relations Committee's report. But they include: American bombing missions in northern and southern Laos from Thai air force bases in Thailand; probes by U.S. Special Forces teams from South Viet Nam along the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos; secret forays into China from northern Laos by specially trained CIA teams (now reportedly halted); the formation, funding and training by the CIA of an irregular army of up to 15,000 Meo tribesmen; large-scale operations throughout Laos by Air America, the CIA's unofficial flag line in Asia; and the recruitment, training and payment of at least 4,800 Thai volunteers to fight in Laos.

The result is a curious war by proxy whose protagonists are the North Vietnamese and the American-backed irregulars. The cost has been particularly heavy for the Meos. Says Edgar ("Pop") Buell, AID coordinator for northeastern Laos: "Back in 1960 we told the Meos they would only have to hold out for a year. They've held out for more than

ten. They're tired and badly cut up, and still we're telling them to hold out. They think it's time for someone else to do the dying."

**Heavy Cost.** The main argument for this costly effort, as Symington pointed out last week, is that it "will buy more time for Vietnamization" by pinning down North Vietnamese troops in Laos. Without this effort, the North Vietnamese would have unrestricted use of Laotian supply lines to support their effort in South Viet Nam. "But what about Laos?" asked Symington. "The United States is using the people of Laos for its own purposes, at a startlingly heavy increased cost to our taxpayers in money, and to the Lao people in terms of destroyed hopes, destroyed territory, and destroyed lives."

REUTERS—HET PAROOL



"Does anybody talk about Biafra any more? See what I mean!"

## PAKISTAN Growing War Threat

In a televised interview aired throughout West Pakistan last week, General Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan was almost preternaturally calm as he uttered the chilling words, "Total war with India is very near," said Pakistan's President. "There is a limit to our patience, and we are very close to it." Alarmist talk? Perhaps. Yet in the capitals of both countries, foreign diplomats rate the chances of averting a conflict at no better than fifty-fifty.

The outlines of the 4½-month-old Pakistani civil war have become all too familiar: the country's more prosperous West pitted against the poor and populous East, with some 8,000,000 East Pakistani refugees fleeing to India (TIME cover, Aug. 2). Beyond the talk, last week brought these developments:

► In New York, U.N. Secretary-General U Thant warned the Security Council that the Indian-Pakistani border clashes "could all too easily expand."

Earlier, Thant proposed that U.N. observers be stationed on both sides of the frontier to aid repatriation of refugees. India rejected the plan because it implied that New Delhi rather than Islamabad was preventing the refugees' return.

► In Islamabad, Yahya issued a White Paper charging that 100,000 men, women and children had died since March 1 in a "reign of terror unleashed by the Awami League," East Pakistan's strongest political party, with "the active assistance of Indian armed infiltrators." He added that his regime's attack on the East March 25 was merely a pre-emptive attempt to avert a planned rebellion. Observers who were in East Pakistan during the period called the paper a mixture of half-truths,

juxtaposed events and outright lies.

► In New Delhi, Yahya's charges of Indian collusion were seen as a buildup for a *jihad*, a Moslem holy war, against predominantly Hindu India. New Delhi is also concerned over Yahya's casual declaration during a recent interview that Sheik Mujibur Rahman, the Awami League leader now awaiting trial for treason, "might not be alive" by October. Last week 467 members of India's Parliament sent an appeal to U Thant to secure Mujib's release.

At week's end New Delhi announced that Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko would visit India this week, reportedly to discuss the danger of war. The fact that both China and the U.S. are providing aid to Yahya has made the Indians and Russians uneasy—not to mention many Americans. Indian officials said it was unlikely that Gromyko's path would cross that of Senator Edward Kennedy, who will also be in Pakistan and India this week on a fact-finding mission as chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Refugees.



## BRITAIN

### Sailor Ted's Sinking Shipyards Or

#### All's Not Bonny on Clyde

**CHAPTER I:** In Clydebank, a dreary riverside suburb of Glasgow, shipyard workers live in dread of massive layoffs in a city where unemployment is already almost 10%. The sprawling shipyards, including John Brown's, builder of the Cunard Line's famous *Queens*, have been on the verge of bankruptcy for several years. In 1968, three of the shaky companies are consolidated into the Upper Clyde Shipbuilders and salvaged by grants from Harold Wilson's Labor government totaling \$48 million. In June 1971, however, when Upper Clyde petitions the Heath government for up to \$14.4 million in cash to keep it going, the Tories balk. They appoint a liquidator to reorganize the most vital yards and, if necessary, let companies like John Brown's die. To save the shipyards would be to run against Heath's effort to revitalize Britain's faltering economy, and to his policy of giving "no aid to lame ducks" as Britain prepares for entry into the Common Market. Finally, last week, the Conservative government accepts an expert's report recommending drastic cutbacks at Upper Clyde, including liquidation of John Brown's; 6,000 employees will lose their jobs by March, and 10,000 more jobs could go. Angered, 8,500 employees seize the yards in a "work-in" to prevent their closing.

**CHAPTER II:** On board his \$50,000 41-ft. racing sloop *Morning Cloud*, off the Isle of Wight, Skipper Ted Heath has an important decision to make. In Parliament, an emergency debate on the shipyard crisis is to be held. Labor M.P.s demand Heath's return from his yachting holiday to answer them personally as captain of the ship of state.

His absence would only underline the criticism of one Labor M.P. who a fortnight earlier had carped: "Does the Prime Minister realize that while he has been playing at this rich man's sport, millions of working-class people have been having their sails trimmed by this reactionary government?" But Heath is also concerned with the state of Britain's ships in the prestigious Admiral's Cup races; at this point, his team is ahead of teams from 14 other nations. As leader of the British team and 1970's English Yachtsman of the Year, he is keen to captain *Morning Cloud* during the inshore part of the races along The Solent.

At 55, Heath has been a sailor for only five years, but he is now the first Prime Minister to be leading a British team in an international sports competition. He has reached the top in both his fields, not by natural flair, but by carefully learning everything possible about the business of winning. Says Heath, who treats strategy sessions with his seven-man crew like Cabinet meetings, and who captains in the same commanding style he brings to his Conservative Party leadership: "I never cruise, I only race."

The question is whether he can race *Morning Cloud* and still catch a helicopter for the parliamentary debate. He hesitates long enough for newsmen to make a major issue of his absence, then returns to London, leaving his second in command to race *Morning Cloud*. Labor is out to gibe at Ted's jibbing, and one Scots-accented Labor M.P. taunts: "Let's have Ted. Or is he fast asleep on his yacht?" Next day Ted returns to continue the Admiral's Cup races. His team is still ahead.

**CHAPTER III:** A cool rain is falling on Clydebank. Labor's ex-Prime Minister Harold Wilson arrives at 11:45 a.m. outside the iron gates at John Brown's yard. He is just in time for a warm welcome by shop stewards, a quick briefing on the takeover, and a noon lunch with the workers. He pumps hands with worried men in flat checked caps and tells one apprentice: "This is a grim time, lad." After a spot of tea and a puff on his pipe, Wilson climbs onto a chair and says: "I am here on behalf of the Labor movement to assert your right to work." Harold is cheered as he leaves, but his trip has not guaranteed him a hoped-for political boost. The latest public-opinion poll shows that Labor's popular advantage over the Tories has actually been cut from 11% to 1% in the last month.

At Clydebank, meanwhile, the shop stewards man the gates, checking that no machinery or materials are being trucked away. But the first firings are



HEATH & CREW READY FOR ADMIRAL'S CUP RACES  
No aid to lame ducks.

scheduled for this week. Will the peaceful "work-in" turn violent? Equally dramatic, if not quite so important: Will Sailor Ted's team win the coveted Admiral's Cup? To be continued.

## THE VATICAN

### Sister Fiorella at the Gate

Every summer, much to the Vatican's distress, the package tours that descend on St. Peter's Basilica seem to be more scantily packaged than ever. For years, grim-faced men were posted at the doors to tell the women and girls who arrived in minis or skimpy dresses that they were "indecently dressed." After the poor fellows absorbed innumerable punches from outraged husbands and fathers, however, the Vatican was ready to try something new—particularly with hot pants and the no-bra look in vogue.

Last June the Holy See unveiled its own new look in guards: a no-nonsense, black-robed nun named Sister Fiorella. The stern, forthright sister was installed as Chief Censor on the steps of the Basilica on the theory that a nun might be fairly safe from assault by irate tourists. Before long, the question was: Was anyone safe from Sister Fiorella? Newspapers nicknamed her "The Terrible Nun," and she did her best to live up to the sobriquet. She turned away as many as 35 women a minute during peak periods (up to 2,000 a day), usually with a wave of the finger but sometimes by sprinting into the church to nab offenders who were brazen enough to try to slip past her.

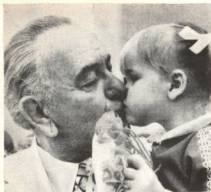
Alas, the flood of what Pope Paul calls "immodest fashion" was too much for Sister Fiorella. She disappeared from St. Peter's last week—a casualty, the Vatican announced, of "nervous depression." A novice nun has replaced her.

\* Meaning bare skin, not bare heads. The Vatican no longer requires that women cover their hair in church.



"I just don't understand people who say I've had an unsuccessful year."

## PEOPLE



LYNDON B. JOHNSON  
No dissatisfaction.

Historians may note that former President Lyndon B. Johnson takes about four seconds to sign his full name, and only half a second for his initials. "Lyndon's faster than I am," panted Lady Bird Johnson, trying to keep up with her husband as they both frantically autographed books, pamphlets and postcards at a benefit for the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library in Austin, Texas. Between autographs, Johnson chatted with book buyers, kissed babies and studiously avoided answering reporters' questions. Other than the newsmen, however, only one visitor left dissatisfied: a student who was yanked from the autograph line because he was carrying a copy of *The Pentagon Papers*. Said a library spokesman: "Mr. Johnson only autographs books that are sold at the library sales office."

"This road work is making me a prisoner," the statement read, "since my friends can't visit me any more unless they are mountain climbers or cave dwellers. As for myself, at 90, I just am unable to scramble over the ramps and jump across the ditches which they are digging around me." The angry plaintiff was Painter Pablo Picasso, and his target was the construction company that had torn up the road in front of his Riviera retreat. The artist's words were worth a thousand pictures. A French judge gave the company 48 hours to fill in the ditches and restore Picasso's right to a constitutional.

The room in the Dayton hotel was supposed to have been vacant. So it was assigned to Zsa Zsa Gabor, in town for a summer-theater production. But when Zsa Zsa walked in and switched on the lights, she discovered that the room was occupied by a couple of stark-naked men. "I was petrified," she said. "It was scary." The outraged Zsa Zsa checked into a rival hotel and refused to be mollified when the manager of the first hotel had the message "Zsa Zsa, We Love You" emblazoned on his marquee and sent her a bouquet. "He's worse than an ex-husband," said she. "He sent me white mums, which are for dead people."

"Even if her name was Anne Bloggs," says her riding instructor, "I would say that she is good enough to ride for Britain in top international events." Actually, her name is Anne Windsor. Princess Anne wants to ride in the Olympics next year, and if she doesn't make the team this time, predicts one acquaintance, she will discourage prospective husbands until after the 1976 games. To keep in training, the blonde princess celebrated her 21st birthday with an all-night discotheque party highlighted by the nonappearance of Princess

RODAN PARKINSON-CAMERA PRESS



PRINCESS ANNE  
No marriage.

Margaret and her husband Tony Armstrong-Jones, who are widely rumored to be spitting.

A fruit-juice diet has whittled his weight down to 102 lbs., and he expects to level off at 70 to 75 lbs. But comedian Dick Gregory vowed last week that he will continue his 15-week fast until the war in Viet Nam is over. "Right now peach juice is flipping me out. I shop for clothes in the children's department. It's strange to see a 39-year-old man buying underwear in the diaper department." What will he do if the war lasts ten years? "Well," he admitted, "I'll just call a press conference, declare the war over and eat."

Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, who has long articulated the importance of a multicultural society, put his garb where his gab is. During a tour of the provinces, he took time out to stroll the streets of the French island of St. Pierre in an apache outfit, accompanied by his wife Margaret in a billowing peasant skirt and shawl. Short-

ly before, he had visited the town of St. Ann's in the Scottish stronghold of Nova Scotia, where the versatile Prime Minister donned the tartan of his mother's Elliott clan. Said Trudeau to the assembled Scots: "I admire the tenacity of your struggle to keep your language, your culture and your traditions."

The 1926 trip from France to England took 14 hr. 31 min., and it made Channel Swimmer Gertrude Ederle one of the most famous woman athletes in the world. In New York City, the Flushing Chamber of Commerce honored Gertrude with a luncheon on the 45th anniversary of her historic swim. "I proved Women's Lib 45 years ago," said Gertrude, 64, looking proudly at a photograph taken after she had emerged from the chilly water. "People said women couldn't swim the Channel, but I proved they could."

"I don't interfere in my son's love affairs," said Aristotle Onassis in response to reporters' inquiries about his son Alexander's girl friend. Residents of the Greek village of Porto Heli probably wish that Ari would take more interest than that. Alexander, 23, works for Ari's air-taxi fleet at Olympic Airways in Athens, 60 miles away, and until recently was whirling back and forth from the city to the villa rented by Fiona Thyssen, the 39-year-old divorcee he has been seeing for more than three years. Vacation over, Fiona left for Switzerland, but until she did, say the locals, the chopper noise was as regular as clockwork—and a lot louder.

HENRY ERIDON-LIAISON



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## ENVIRONMENT

GARBAGE-STREWN STREET IN CLEVELAND

### State of the Ecology

As he fingered a thick, blue-covered volume last week, Richard Nixon quipped to Russell Train, head of the Council on Environmental Quality: "Is there any color in here? Environmentalists aren't against color are they?" Train started to explain the high cost of using colored pages in Government reports, but the President raised his hand and went on: "What we want to do is get the color out of the water. Let's see," said the President, looking at the book's blue cover again, "blue skies, blue water. Maybe we should make that the slogan for next year. That's not a bad idea."

A pretty good one, in fact. But the book in the President's hand, the second annual report of the Council on Environmental Quality, presented a somewhat cloudier picture of the present state of the ecology, while pointing out a few bright spots. Some of the highlights:

**AIR POLLUTION** has generally increased since 1969. However, emissions from autos, a major source of air pollution, "have apparently reached the peak level," and may now be on the decline as older cars are replaced by newer ones with antipollution devices. There has also been a slight drop in solid-waste emissions into the air, probably because there is less open burning in municipal dumps.

**MONITORING** of the environment has been sharply stepped up. There are now, for instance, 10,000 water-quality stations to constantly check the nation's fresh waters. In New York State, 22 monitors, linked by special telephone lines, transmit data on pollution levels to a central computer located in Albany. By pinpointing unusual concen-

trations of air and water pollutants, officials can more easily locate sources of trouble. Meanwhile, the Environmental Protection Agency is working on plans for an integrated monitoring system to provide similar data for nationwide pollution control.

**TOXIC MATERIALS** are a growing worry, particularly lead and mercury. The amount of mercury in fish is expected to rise because more microorganisms are being produced by the increased amounts of nutrients, mainly from industry and agriculture, in U.S. waters. The microorganisms move up the food chain into fish, and man eats the fish. Heavy doses of mercury can result in nervous-system damage, even death. Lead, long a factor in urban air pollution, has now been found in the oceans. The upper layers of the oceans seem to be polluted with industrial lead, says the report, and "atmospheric levels of lead may be reaching the point at which widespread adverse health effects are likely."

**INNER CITIES** present the worst concentration of nearly every kind of environmental problem. The urban poor breathe the nation's worst air because polluting industries and business districts tend to be concentrated near their neighborhoods. Vacant lots and streets are often littered with garbage, a sight, says the report, that might well lead an inner-city inhabitant to conclude "that his neighborhood is being discriminated against," while others may add to the litter out of frustration and anger. In addition to these problems, the urban poor must contend with possible lead poisoning from peeling paint and ancient water pipes joined with lead compounds. Most ghetto dwellers, moreover, cannot escape their situation. Superhighways, while speeding the more affluent out of

cities to parks and beaches, cut inner-city people off from nearby river and lake fronts, and reduce recreation areas. As a first priority, the council urges reform and revenue sharing to help shore up urban tax bases and thus help cities build rapid-transit networks, better parks and better homes. There are signs of local political action by inner-city residents themselves. In several large cities, "environmental" groups have sprung up to help battle the worst problems.

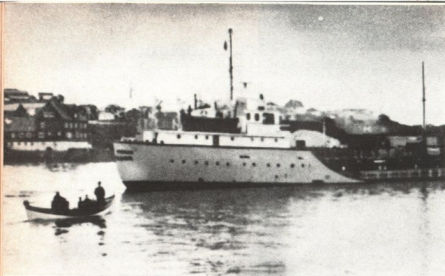
**SOLID WASTES** are an increasing problem, though more industries are re-using waste products in the factory. At the consumer level, the use of packaging materials is expected to jump from the 1970 level of 578 lbs. per person to more than 660 lbs. by 1976. This upward trend will continue unless industry recycles many more of its waste products.

The council is hardly precise on the extent to which the nation's environment is actually getting better or worse. The reason is the lack of statistical information on pollution. What the report does suggest is that fighting pollution will take time and money—about \$105 billion by industry and the various levels of government by 1975. The cost will obviously be borne by consumers and taxpayers, quite possibly aggravating inflation. But putting the best face on the situation, Train judged that the immediate costs of controlling pollution will not constitute a strain on industry, as such costs "are well within the capacity of our economy to meet." Many businessmen will disagree.

### Flying Dutchman of Garbage

Hardly anyone noticed when the Dutch vessel *Stella Maris* steamed out of Rotterdam harbor last month with 600 tons of poisonous chlorinated aliphatics on board. It had carried many similar cargoes before, and AKZO, the giant Dutch chemical complex that chartered the *Stella Maris*, routinely announced that the chemical wastes would be dumped far out at sea—900 miles from Holland and 600 miles from Norway. But somehow, a telex message informing Norway of the plan was garbled en route; instead of 600 miles, the print-out read 60. As a result, the *Stella Maris* became an international issue and something of a latter-day *Flying Dutchman*: wherever it tried to dump its cargo, it was shoed away by local authorities.

Norway expressed "deep concern" about the ship's course. Though the telex mistake was cleared up, the *Stella Maris* was shadowed by an Irish pocket destroyer that apparently had not received word of the error. Then the *Stella Maris* changed course for a point about 800 miles south of Iceland, the same dumping grounds, said AKZO pointedly, "where the Americans used to dump their chemical garbage and sometimes their radioactive refuse." But before dumping, it headed for the



"STELLA MARIS" IN FAROE ISLANDS  
Hazards far beyond a ship's wake.

nearby Faroe Islands to take on fuel—only to find that the islanders had blocked the port with their own ships to prevent dumping anywhere near their home. Eventually the "Ship of Shame," as the British papers dubbed it, was ordered to sail back to Rotterdam, where it docked two weeks ago in the early morning hours to avoid the fate of another refuse ship, which protesters had decorated with paintings of human skulls. The chemicals that caused all the trouble will be stored in the Rotterdam area and eventually destroyed in a special furnace that AKZO is building at a cost of \$3,000,000.

**Changed Name.** The episode served one useful purpose—focusing public attention on chemical dumping in international waters. As AKZO officials rightly pointed out, many other companies are doing exactly the same thing. Some 2,000,000 tons of chemical wastes a year are dumped at sea by ships sailing from Dutch ports alone, and Dutch, German, Belgian and Swiss industries are suspected of adding another 5,000,000 tons to the total. Last week a German tanker left Rotterdam loaded to the gunwales with hydrochloric acid, which it poured into the Atlantic. At about the same time, the British freighter *Topaz* took on 1,300 tons of radioactive wastes from Belgium, Holland, France and West Germany at the Belgian port of Zeebrugge. The wastes, with a half-life of three months, were discharged into the Bay of Biscay. The *Stella Maris*, meanwhile, has changed its name to the less noticeable *Constance*, and will continue to carry chemical wastes.

Such dumping creates hazards far beyond a ship's wake. It reduces fish populations and can jeopardize entire marine ecosystems because chemical potency is magnified as it passes up the food chain to larger and larger fish. Next month France, Britain, West Germany, Belgium and Holland will take up the problem at The Hague at a pre-

paratory meeting for a United Nations Conference on the Human Environment to be held in Stockholm next year. Among proposed controls: a registry of elements discharged into oceans and global monitoring of ocean pollution. As the U.S. sees it, rather than trying to police polluters, which would take a special U.N. navy to accomplish, it would be better to create uniform standards among maritime nations; the nations would then be expected to enforce the standards themselves. An Administration-approved bill now pending before the House would control offshore dumping by stringently regulating what wastes leave U.S. ports. One catch: most of the proposals concern dumping near the shore (there is a separate agreement on discharging oil at sea, a practice that will probably be banned entirely by 1975, or 1980 at the latest). At present, neither the U.S. nor any other nation has taken a stand on protecting the oceans beyond the twelve-mile limit, which many countries do not recognize anyway (see *THE LAW*). Small island nations like Japan and Britain, in fact, have made it plain that they will fight any prohibition on mid-ocean dumping because they simply have nowhere else to bury their wastes.

## Sluicing the Eagles

Around lambing time last spring, persistent reports drifted into Washington of huge piles of dead eagles in Wyoming. The stories were discounted at first. There are only about 2,000 or so bald eagles left in the U.S. outside of Alaska, and an estimated 8,000 to 10,000 golden eagles. As an endangered species, they are protected by strict federal laws from hunters, including ranchers, who hold to the largely disproved conviction that eagles are responsible for the mass slaughter of lambs.

Last week the reports of slaughtered eagles turned out to be all too true. Not only had 770 golden and bald ea-

gles been killed in Wyoming, but they had been shot in the least sportsmanlike way of all—from helicopters. Testifying before a Senate subcommittee, James Vogan, a balding, heavy-set helicopter pilot from Murray, Utah, told how he had ferried sharpshooters and so-called "sportsmen" over ranches in Colorado and Wyoming to "sluice" the eagles. Sluicing is what Westerners call the unsporting act of shooting sitting ducks, or eagles. Vogan also said that he knew of \$15,000 paid to the flying service that owned the helicopter by Herman Werner, a Wyomingite who is the state's largest sheep rancher.

**Official Anger.** Vogan's disclosures provoked a storm of official anger in the capital. Secretary of the Interior Rogers C.B. Morton proclaimed the shootings a "national outrage," and his department promised to prosecute the hunters. Agents dispatched to Wyoming by Senator Gale McGee, before whose committee Vogan testified, had also found evidence of "substantial, willful and deliberate slaughtering of eagles." Last week McGee's men found proof: a cache of about 60 eagles, badly decomposed and buried six feet deep under the remains of other animals.

Such killings could have far more than merely local effect. Wyoming is on a major north-south flyway for eagles, and any slaughtering there affects the numbers of the great birds in other states. Moreover, Wyoming, says State Representative John Turner, an expert on bald eagles, "is the last place where golden and bald eagles are found in significant numbers as resident birds. Colorado has already lost its resident bald eagles." Besides the aerial sluicing, at least a hundred eagles have died in Wyoming in recent years by electrocution on power lines. Another score was killed last May when Rancher Van Irvine baited antelope carcasses with thallium sulfate, ostensibly to kill coyotes, a violation of state fish and game regulations for which he paid \$679 in fines last month.

PHILIP GENDREAU—NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY



AMERICAN BALD EAGLE  
"Willful and deliberate slaughter."

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- Free Land and Free Money from Uncle Sam**
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- Cashing In on Canada's New "Flinging" Dollar**
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The editors of Moneysworth are a team of hard-nosed, experienced journalists. The editor-in-chief is Ralph Ginzburg, creator of the flamboyant magazines Fact, Eros, and Avant-Garde. Mr. Ginzburg was the first editor to provide a platform for Ralph Nader to express himself on the subject of automobile safety. Moneysworth's executive editor, Warren Boroson, was formerly an editor of Medical Economics. Herb Lubatin, the world's foremost graphic designer, is Moneysworth's art director. Together, these men will produce the first—and only—consumer magazine with *charisma*.

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## LOOK BACK ON ANGER

ONE of the most chilling modern parables is a short scenario of the absurd by Eugene Ionesco titled *Anger*. The playlet takes place on an idyllic Sunday in an idyllic country town, where shoppers shower coins and smiles on the local beggar, and husbands treat their wives with adoring deference. Eventually, in all the town's houses and apartments, everyone sits down to Sunday lunch. One after another, the husbands discover flies in their soup. Smiles turn to frowns, soothing words to cross ones. Insults are delivered and returned. Crockery goes smashing. Soup (with flies) pours in torrents from under doors. The police arrive. The civic disturbance turns, absurdly, into global war, and then into an atomic Armageddon. The final scene, projected on television, is of the planet exploding—because of a fly in the soup.

Ionesco's black joke scarcely exaggerates the monstrous disproportion, the near pathology, of latter-day anger. If every period has its characteristic emotion, anger must surely be ours—the mask of cracked civility, the furious heart beneath. Yale President Kingman Brewster described the comparative calm of the American campus last winter as "eerie tranquillity," and the U.S. as a whole now seems to be enjoying relative quiet after the stormiest period of demonstrations, bombings and riots. That very calm gives us time to look back on anger. But eerie is nevertheless the operative word. The fact that we find tranquillity unnatural is the most terrible confirmation of what we have come to accept as natural.

Anger is the emotion we tend to feel when in doubt about what else we feel. Anger, once justly listed among the seven deadly sins, today is becoming one of our most praised values. In raising anger to an emotional ideal, we have gravely misgauged the limited utility of adrenaline's quick flashes. In art, anger is regularly mistaken for sincerity, if not inspiration. One is advised to peddle one's cool art with a hot sell. A masochistic public quivers deliciously not only before the real fire of the Genets, the Becketts and the Mailers but before the plastic brimstone of their less gifted imitators. All too often the angry mediocrity gets away with bullying his audience, like Jimmy Porter in John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*, that pilot project for the personality of the 70s.

In politics, anger is too easily confused with moral indignation. But moral indignation purges itself through action, while anger tends to purge itself through rhetoric. As Organizer Saul Alinsky suggests, anger in politics substitutes for all other games the game of "Kill the umpire!" Far right and far left, the angry man in politics prefers the pleasure of being furious to the pleasure of actually having an effect. Demanding final solutions only, he chooses, in Critic Renata Adler's words, "to use the vocabulary of total violence, cultivate scorched-earth madness as a form of consciousness (of courage, even), to call history mad."

Not just "righteous anger" but anger of any kind has also become the accepted proof of moral conviction. It is the way we act out certainty when we do not really feel it. As other emotions become less sure, less confident, anger amalgamates with them. Even love, itself, can become a junior partner. What fierce, cannibalistic love scenes we stage in films and even in private lives! Such *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*! Such ripping and tearing! Such savage,

winner-takes-all grappling! The fistfights in *Five Easy Pieces* seem like friendly interludes of token mayhem compared with the knockdown and drag-out lovemaking. Not the least among the crimes of angry art is that it makes sentimental art (*Love Story*, etc.) the polar alternative.

The astonishingly high standing of anger today can be verified thus: it is not only regarded as moral but as something even better, healthy and therapeutic. A fight a day keeps the doctor away, Psychiatrist Theodore Isaac Rubin suggests in something called *The Angry Book*. With a burst of earnest lyricism, he asks: "Have you ever experienced the good, clean feel that comes after expressing anger, as well as the increased self-esteem and the feel of real peace with one's self and others?" In *The Intimate Enemy*, Dr. George R. Bach, a clinical psychologist, turns anger into an art, or possibly a science. "Intimate hostilities," he guarantees, "can be 'programmed.'" Dr. Bach has his own slogan: The family that fights together stays together. And don't worry if you aren't very good at being angry. Dr. Bach will teach you.

"Anger," Dr. Bach concludes, "cannot be dishonest"—the security-blanket generalization that all the anger buffs cling to, and one as perilously misleading as "in vino veritas." Upon Bach's misapprehension, America's newest industry, group therapy, founders. Venting hostility is so simplistically scripted as the "Moment of Truth" that a whole cult of anger fakers has developed, not unlike the faith fakers who also deceived themselves into salvation at other and earlier camp meetings.



FRANCIS BACON: STUDY FOR A HEAD

Anger ought to be an alarm system that warns us of our deepest concerns. But left to itself, it can become an indiscriminating rant, equalizing the serious and the trivial, the horrors of Biafra and the poor quality of frozen dinners. What should be the most generous of emotions too often ends up as a variety of egotism. I am angry, screams the man of the Apocalypse, therefore I am.

We are accustomed to daily anger. We cannot live without it. Civilization and its discontents are too burdensome to bear with equanimity. But we can at least improve the quality of our anger. We can refuse to glorimize it when it is self-indulgence, the sound of baby shoes stamping. We must acknowledge its profound shortcomings as a purgative. Anger finally is the emotion of impotence—mortality up against its limits and refusing to recognize them.

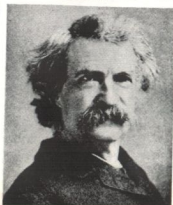
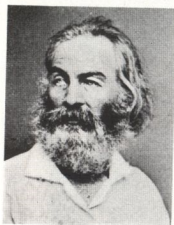
Without pity or grief or laughter, anger is neither moral nor healthy but simply dehumanizing. In Ionesco's scenario, just before the planet blows up, a man sitting in a café turns puce and explodes. Which is more destructive, Ionesco seems to ask, the atom bomb that swats all those flies or the chain-reaction anger behind it, disintegrating a man into his obsessions? In either case, the Ionesco moral is clear: in the 20th century, anger requires safety standards.

A diet of tranquilizers? Electrodes in the hotspots of the brain? Genetic engineering? The men in white jackets are waiting with newfangled anger cures. The scientist who invents bombs also invents alternatives. If these cures appear nearly as frightening as the malady they treat, who knows? Perhaps a better kind of cure is simply to get angry, just a little angry, about anger.

• Melvin Maddocks

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## BEHAVIOR

### White Parents, Black Children: Transracial Adoption

"We had three children and we wanted one more. I was about to go off pills when I read an article about American Indian children and I thought, why not?" That, as Housewife Judy Meredith of Boston explains it, is how she and her husband—both white—came to adopt a 13-month-old Indian called Tommy and a two-week-old black baby named Jackie. The Merediths' decision is part of a growing phenomenon known in sociologist's jargon as transracial adoption. Last year 2,200 black babies

verfied them. Generally this is done by picturing particular children in columns such as "Today's Child," which appears in the *Toronto Telegram* and is syndicated in 130 Ontario newspapers, or on TV programs like the *Ben Hunter Matinee* in Los Angeles and its imitators across the country.

As another spur to adoption of "special-needs children," agencies have relaxed eligibility rules for prospective parents. A capacity to understand youngsters who are "different" has become more important than marital status, youth, education, income, race or religion. Instead of charging fees, private

ter the very light child had grown noticeably darker after being exposed to bright sunlight on holiday."

Though parents may try to ignore a child's blackness, the child himself cannot. Establishing a sense of identity, hard for many adopted children, is even harder for the T.R.A. youngster. One black Montreal teen-ager, brought up by whites, refers to Negroes as "them" and to whites as "us." Similarly, Bill Kirk, who was adopted at age three by Ontario Sociologist H. David Kirk and is now 17, reports that "I think like a white man, and when I get out into the world, that is maybe going to hang me up a bit."

**Common Fear.** To deal with these problems, adoptive parents—most notably those in Montreal's Open Door Organization, a pioneering organization in transracial adoption—sometimes sponsor seminars on black history or meet to discuss mutual difficulties. They may encourage their children to get together regularly with black youngsters, to study their heritage and to remember their natural parents. For example, Kirk's 18-year-old daughter Debbie, a Puerto Rican, spent a month working at a day-care center in Puerto Rico. She explains: "I wanted to see the people that I was from—the culture, the language and society."

Besides the special problems of mixed adoptions, interracial families must face all the other dilemmas common to conventional adoption. How and when should they tell a child about his origins? How can a youngster learn to master what psychiatrists say is a common fear—that his natural parents abandoned him because there was something wrong with him? How should adoptive parents respond to a youngster's curiosity about his biological family?

Psychoanalyst J. Cotter Hirschberg of the Menninger Foundation favors telling kids the facts between ages four and seven, "when the strength of the family is at its greatest" for the child. He urges mothers to tell about adoption only when they feel comfortable and do not see it as a guilty secret. In addition, he advocates letting children express their feelings freely, especially "their anger at having been separated," and he believes they should be helped to understand that their natural parents gave them up because they could not look after them. As for the common longing to seek out natural parents, American experts are shifting from the old view that reunion is always bad to the idea that it can be helpful in some instances. In other cases, it helps children just to be reminded of their natural parents. Judy Meredith, for example, tells her youngsters on their birthdays, "I bet your mommy is thinking of you today."

**Between Worlds.** Most whites who adopt children of other races are managing the problems remarkably well. But there are opponents of mixed adoption. Most vocal among them are the black separatists, who fear loss of the Negro's heritage through assimilation. Even inter-



CINDY SKILTON & ADOPTIVE SISTER



THE MEREDITH FAMILY

"We cannot wait until society is prepared."

were adopted by white U.S. families, compared with only 700 in 1968. Today there are more than 10,000 "T.R.A. families" in all 50 states and in the ten Canadian provinces.

**Today's Child.** The trend is due partly to changing racial attitudes, but even more to an acute shortage of white babies brought about by the pill, easier abortion laws, and an increasing number of unwed mothers who keep their offspring. Because of the shortage, adoption agencies have changed their tactics. Instead of catering to childless parents in search of "perfect" white infants, many now concentrate on the needs of hard-to-place youngsters who are beyond infancy, physically or emotionally handicapped, black—or even all three. One such is Cindy Skilton, a seven-year-old black girl who wore braces on her legs until last month. She is now the adoptive daughter of Dave and Audrey Skilton of Los Angeles. To get such children out of temporary foster homes and mind-withering institutions, some agencies even cooperate in efforts to ad-

optees—and public ones in seven states—sometimes offer subsidies to families. Despite such changes, average T.R.A. parents are still much like conventional adoptive parents: 98% are married; most are under 40; well over half are college educated; two-thirds earn at least \$10,000 a year; and a majority go to church regularly. Psychologically, Los Angeles Psychoanalyst Judd Marmor told the National Conference on Social Welfare, T.R.A. families are likely to be self-confident, self-aware, and given to judging people as individuals.

Not that T.R.A. parents are without prejudice. Families in the West or Southwest, for example, have more readily adopted blacks than Indian or Mexican kids. Asian children are often welcomed in the South, though blacks are usually not. A study in Britain recently found that some T.R.A. parents tended "to deny their child's color, or to say he was growing lighter, or that other people thought he was untanned and did not recognize him as colored. Sometimes the reality was fully accepted only af-





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Natural  
Gas Company

grationist blacks and whites worry about the ability of white parents to equip black youngsters for survival in a prejudiced world. They are concerned over all sorts of seemingly minor problems, such as a white parent's lack of experience in combing a black child's kinky hair ("There's just no way to do it gently," says Urban Planner Thomas Nutt). Another danger: stereotyped ideas of black intelligence that may crop up when an adopted child is the only black in his school and neither his teacher nor his classmates expect him to do well. Both blacks and whites are wary of civil rights crusaders willing to sacrifice a child to prove a point or to promote integration. "A child should be loved for himself, not as a symbol," observes an official of the Illinois Department of Children and Family Services.

T.R.A. youngsters, says Sociologist Kirk, can become "people between worlds." Other things being equal, Montreal's Open Door Society concedes, placing black children with black parents is best. The trouble is that other things rarely are equal; too few black families can afford adoption, and most are reluctant to apply for children because they are afraid of being rejected by white adoption agencies. But given a choice between leaving black kids (or children of other racial minorities) in institutions or placing them with willing white families, most experts would vote for the latter. Says Clayton Hagen of the Lutheran Social Service in Minnesota: because children need homes, "we cannot wait until society is prepared. A person who finds his identity in his race cannot bring up a child of another color. But a person who finds his identity as a human being can well be a parent to another human being."

### "You Will Remember Forever"

For years sleep researchers have suspected—in the face of considerable doubt—that learning during slumber is a possibility. Now scientists have come up with what they believe to be the first clear-cut evidence that such effortless learning can take place.

Experimenting with 20 high school and college students who had never studied Russian, Psychologists C. Michael Levy and Wilse B. Webb of the University of Florida undertook to teach them six Russian nouns and their English meanings. For two nights, just before the students dropped off to sleep, they heard a "conditioning tape" that assured them they would learn while they slept if they were willing to do so. For the next five nights, when they had fallen asleep, the students heard a recording of the paired nouns after a taped voice identified as that of "your Russian teacher" promised that "you will remember these words and their meanings forever." The results: a recall rate that ranged from 10% when the tapes were played early in the night to 30% when they were played toward morning.

## MEDICINE

### Tortured Tastes

What tastes like ambrosia to one man, observed the ancients, may sit like ashes on the tongue of another. Now modern medicine has discovered that a single tongue can be just as unpredictable—if its unfortunate owner suffers from idiopathic hypoguesia.\* The newly identified ailment, described by National Institutes of Health researchers in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, attacks the senses of taste and smell to the point that the patients may become unable to detect all but the strongest flavors or aromas. In severe cases, a victim's favorite food odors may become offensive to him.

The NIH team became interested in the condition when baffled private physicians began referring individual patients to neurologists. The Government scientists studied 35 of the 3,000 Americans known to suffer from idiopathic hypoguesia. The doctors confirmed the symptoms by placing drops of sour, sweet, salt and bitter solutions on the subjects' tongues and holding solutions smelling like onions or burned rubber under their noses. The NIH researchers were puzzled as to the cause of the condition but decided that it does not appear to be psychosomatic. At least half of the patients developed their symptoms following influenza-like illnesses. Others began to suffer from the disability after undergoing surgery unrelated to the nose, mouth or throat. None had readily observable abnormalities of the sensory organs. But Dr. Robert Henkin reported that when taste buds were examined with an electron microscope, marked cellular anomalies were noted.

**Partial Relief.** Those complaining of loss of the sense of taste said that eating was like chewing and swallowing flour paste or sawdust. Those suffering from loss of the sense of smell reported that they were unable to detect the aroma of foods or the odors of smoke or escaping cooking gas. Several women reported that they had served rancid foods to their families because they did not notice the spoilage.

In cases where both taste and smell were affected, the patients suffered more intensely. A 48-year-old professional soldier who developed hypoguesia following an intestinal operation found himself unable to stand the taste or smell of most foods. A 53-year-old pizza maker said that many foods "smelled or tasted like manure or decayed garbage." He had to quit his job and limit himself to a bland diet. Some victims became so depressed that they contemplated suicide.

Doctors cannot as yet offer a cure, but they can provide some relief from

the most severe symptoms. Zinc sulfate capsules diminish the disease's sensory distortion. Why the metallic medicine helps is uncertain, but it can make eating tolerable, if not pleasurable.

### Why Knuckles Crack

As schoolboys and a good many annoyed mothers and teachers are aware, knuckle joints can be made to crack. What no one has fully understood is why. Some have speculated that the noise is caused by the snapping of bone against bone, or by the movement of tendons over bony projections within the



FINGER-STRETCHING EXPERIMENT  
Internal explosions.

joint. A trio of British researchers has now solved this minor medical mystery. According to Anthony Unsworth, Duncan Dowson and Verna Wright of the University of Leeds, knuckle noise results from the explosion of gas bubbles in the synovial fluid that fills the joint.

The three base their finding on observations and X-ray photographs of 17 patients who volunteered to have their finger joints stretched on a specially designed machine. The tests showed that stretching increases the space between the finger bones, thus reducing pressure on the clear, viscous synovial fluid that lubricates the joints. This causes tiny gas bubbles to form within the fluid. As the pressure continues to decrease, these bubbles burst and release their energy as noise. The gas does not escape. Instead, as the joint returns to normal position, the gas is reabsorbed into the synovial fluid over a period of 15 minutes. This explains why most knuckle crackers must wait a while for the satisfaction of performing an encore.

\* Idiopathic means of unknown or spontaneous origin; hypoguesia means diminished taste acuity.

## SPORT

### The Pain-Am Games

Since their inception in 1951, the quadrennial Pan-American Games have served as a kind of Olympic warmup session for strong U.S. teams. American athletes have so dominated the Pan-Am Games, in fact, that International Olympic Committee President Avery Brundage began to wonder whether they might be too good for their own good. Shortly before the opening of the sixth Pan-Am Games in Cali, Colombia, the 83-year-old Brundage observed: "It doesn't look good for the U.S. to be coloring three-quarters of the Pan-Am medals. It's not good for sports, the games or the U.S. There has to be some resentment by the other countries."

**Biggest Shocker.** Avery need not have worried. The games had barely begun when it became apparent last week that the U.S. team was perhaps facing its toughest competition ever. The first surprise came in rowing, an event in which the U.S. copped six of seven first-place medals in the 1967 games. All but scuttled by crack crews from Argentina and Brazil, the U.S. oarsmen were unable to pull to a single victory. Unimpressed by Abner Doubleday's national origins, a seasoned Cuban baseball team then defeated a squad made up of U.S. collegians 4-3. The biggest shocker of all, though, happened in basketball, a sport in which the U.S. is supposedly invincible. Before a chanting, cheering crowd, the hustling, well-drilled Cubans defeated a team of U.S. college stars 73-69. In an attempt to explain away the embarrassing losses, some members of the U.S. delegation said that the Cuban team had been training for the games for at least four years under the guidance of Russian coaches. "It's obvious," said one U.S. official, "that the Communists are using Cuba as a propaganda vehicle."

The Cubans were exuberant, to the particular discomfort of the Canadian

team. Billeted next door to the Cubans, the Canadians complained that they were kept awake half the night by the sound of bongo drums. "Someone told us Fidel Castro put through a phone call of congratulations," explained one Canadian athlete, "and the Cubans went wild."

**Barbed Wire.** The fans attending the boxing match in a Cali bull ring also went wild when U.S. Middleweight Reginald Jones was awarded a close decision over Colombia's Bonifacio Avila. Jones and his handlers had to be escorted out of the arena under a barrage of rocks and bottles. Noting the crowd's partisan cheering throughout the games, U.S. Decathlon Star Russ Hodge said: "They don't like us. Even in Russia they gave us better applause than they do here for a good performance."

The complaints about mosquitoes, the altitude, faulty plumbing, dysentery and pickpockets were unending. Dubbed "Claustrophobia Manor" by the athletes, the barracks-style housing for the 4,000 competitors from 33 countries was woefully overcrowded. Wary of trouble from students who had protested the amount of money that Colombia was spending on the games, security-minded officials turned the athletes' village into a kind of jock concentration camp. "I felt uneasy at first with the barbed wire and the guards carrying rifles," said U.S. Fencer Marie Grompene, "but you get used to it after a while—almost."

For all their griping about what might be called the Pain-Am Games, the U.S. team did manage to win heavily in track and women's gymnastics. After the first of two weeks of competition, the U.S. had won 131 medals as compared to 73 for second-place Cuba. Even so, it was clear that the U.S. team could no longer regard the games as an easy warmup. "This is our strongest overall Pan-Am team," explained one U.S. official, "but the marked improvement of the other teams will probably cause us to win fewer medals."

### Sunshine Patriots

To their loyal, long-suffering fans, the New England Patriots are beginning to look like the New England Traitors.

First, there was the case of Joe Kapp, the veteran quarterback whom the Patriots signed for a reported \$130,000 last year to help change the team's losing ways. Kapp not only failed (the hapless Pats' record of two wins and twelve losses was the worst in the National Football League), but when training camp opened last month, he pronounced himself unhappy with his contract and left the team. Meanwhile, Defensive End Phil Olsen, the team's No. 1 draft choice last year, announced that he had discovered a loophole in his contract; he quit the Patriots and joined the Los Angeles Rams. Soon



CUBA'S PABLO GARCÍA SNARING REBOUND  
No longer invincible.

after that, Linebacker John Bramlett, the team's Most Valuable Player last season, was unexpectedly placed on waivers by Patriot Coach John Mazur. The reason: Bramlett was supposedly lazy.

For sheer confusion, though, nothing could match the double reverse that the Patriots pulled off last week with the Dallas Cowboys. It began when Dallas Running Back Duane Thomas demanded an increase over the estimated \$60,000 he made last year when he won Rookie of the Year honors. The Cowboys refused and traded Thomas and two other players to the Patriots for Running Back Carl Garrett and one choice in next year's draft. After Thomas arrived at the Patriots' training camp, Mazur gave him and the rest of the team a pointed pep talk: "I don't want any free spirits around here. All I want are football players who want to win." Thomas, who describes himself as "a modified version of a Hessian," apparently didn't get the message. When Mazur tried to adjust his stance in the backfield formation, Thomas said that he preferred to do it his way. Just like that, Thomas was sent packing and Garrett was called back from Dallas. At week's end Thomas said that he would consider rejoining the Cowboys on one condition: if the players voted that they wanted him to return.

N.F.L. Commissioner Pete Rozelle, distressed by the Thomas affair and by the several players in the league who are still holding out for more money, called for an end to all the haggling. "I'm convinced," said Rozelle, "that the football fan—the sports fan—is disenchanted with the business aspects of the game, the lawsuits, contracts, franchise problems, stadium financing, pension plans." Right on, Pete.



U.S. & CUBAN PLAYERS COLLIDING  
Unimpressed by Doubleday's origins.



## SHOW BUSINESS

### Power to the Peebles

It was shot in 20 days on a wheezing budget with a crew recruited largely from skin flicks and the streets. Critics hated it, distributors shunned it. But black audiences loved *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*, a sexy film centering around an outlaw from the ghetto who throws down girls—white and black—the way Billy the Kid tossed back sarsaparilla. In the end he gets away with everything. Huey Newton, Black Panther defense minister, called it "the first truly revolutionary black film."

The movie was produced, written and directed by Melvin Van Peebles, who also stars as Sweetback, the outraged and outrageous hero. The scion of a Los Angeles whorehouse, Sweetback graduates to an obvious profession: pimping. He "goes bad" while watching two white policemen cudgel a black youth wrongly accused of inciting riot. Sweetback reacts by mashing the cops' skulls with their own handcuffs. He then sets off on a ghetto version of the traditional Wild West chase. He fights and fornicates, leaving behind a trail of bodies in various stages of disrepair. When cornered by two cops, Sweetback responds with his own brand of sky-high black consciousness: he kills them. After he escapes to Mexico, the screen fills with a printed warning: WATCH OUT. A BAADASSSSS NIGGER IS COMING BACK TO COLLECT SOME DUES.

**Chartreuse Suits.** An aggressive and often affronting movie, *Sweetback* is also irreverent, scatological and crude. "It's for those dudes in the chartreuse suits," explains Van Peebles. "Those cats who want to be card-carrying whites—man, they don't dig it at all."

For good reason. The actors do little acting. The film does not track along a story line. Rather, it eases by in jazz format, an initial statement of theme followed by elaborations and improvisations. Sound-track impressions boom the eardrums with rock, shrieks, sirens, hopped-up choppers and gunfire. The dialogue between black characters stays so close to ghetto speech that white sound men advised Van Peebles to redo it; they thought his recorder must have been out of whack. One speech is delivered partly from the toilet, with appropriate break-wind accompaniment.

Trouble came fast when Van Peebles set out to make *Sweetback* from his own screenplay. Industry credit dried up with a reading of the script's first three paragraphs. Union wages priced camera crews beyond his budget. Van Peebles, however, was ready for a hassle. He used nonunion crews, throwing the unions off the scent by letting it be thought that he intended to do a quickie porno romp, not worth their while. The first takes reduced his net worth to \$13, but Soul Brother Bill Cosby answered an SOS with a \$50,000 loan.

Once the filming was finished, Van Peebles and *Sweetback* had another round of problems: no distributor would take a chance on the film. Only two theaters in the country would book it. When the talk shows blacked him out, and newspapers ignored *Sweetback*, Van Peebles took to the street corners "with friends, and chicks I was sleeping with," and passed out handbills touting the film. Van Peebles' fast talk, plus audience word of mouth, made it a limited success. But that was enough. *Sweetback* will reopen next month in 60 theaters in the greater New York area alone; another 140 theaters around the country will also soon show the film.

**Two Jobs.** Van Peebles was born 38 years ago on Chicago's South Side. He is no ghetto dropout, but a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University. A photographer friend turned him on to film making, and Van Peebles made several shorts, which he tried to parlay into a

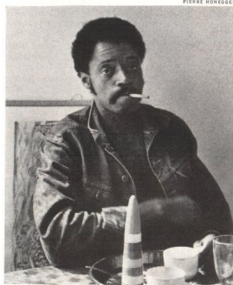
union card, an advance from the French Ministry of Cultural Affairs and a substantial stipend from a wealthy Frenchwoman, Van Peebles did indeed make a film. *Story of a Three-Day Pass*, about a black G.I.'s weekend with a white French girl, became a hit in France and a modest success in the U.S. Hollywood began hustling him. Columbia came up with a black-white satire called *Watermelon Man*, a dark-toned comedy about an obnoxious white man who turns black. "I thought I had to make *Watermelon Man* in order to do the films I really wanted to do," Van Peebles said. *Sweetback* was just a camera cue away.

**Street Talk.** Van Peebles is a cool dude, casting a cynical eye on the world from behind his silver shades. He has not had a permanent address in ten years, hauling his belongings around in a battered knapsack. He is handsome in a wiry, wary way. He gestures with a skinny cigar, spilling out a blend of street talk and businessmen's lingo. But for all his jive and his expatriate status, he insists that he is dead serious about his black identity. His phrases are familiar:

"Of all the ways we've been exploited by the Man, the most damaging is the way he destroyed our self-image. The message of *Sweetback* is that if you can get it together and stand up to the Man, you can win."

Van Peebles is no easy man to get it together with. He may be content to work inside the system, but the system had better bend a bit to accommodate him. "I am what I am, man. You don't like? That's your problem," he says. When his assistant director threatened to quit, Van Peebles reasoned with him in typically *Sweetback* fashion: he began banging his head on the floor. Even the challenge stamped on his body flaunts his cool: above a broken blue stripe tattooed around his neck is the inscription "Cut along the dotted line."

**Yeah Inc.** By anybody's adding machine, Van Peebles is a successful man. *Sweetback* has grossed nearly \$10 million. Yeah Inc., the one-man corporation he formed to finance *Sweetback*, is a busy business: there is the film and the sound-track album. A paperback of the movie is already "making some good bread." T-shirts, sweatshirts and nighties announce I AM A SWEETBACK. This fall his play *Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death* opens on Broadway. Coming up: *Sweetback* douche powder. Boasts Van Peebles: "You are looking at a black conglomerate." But he still considers himself first and foremost a film maker—and not necessarily for blacks only. "If films are good," he says, "the universality of the human experience will transcend the race and creed and crap frontiers."



MELVIN VAN PEEBLES  
Cool dude with silver shades.

film job in Hollywood. He was offered two: elevator operator and parking-lot attendant. Meanwhile, Henri Langlois of the prestigious French Cinematheque, the largest depository of film and film history in the world, saw some of his pictures and invited him to Paris. Langlois showed the films, and for a short time Van Peebles was a cineclub celebrity. He stayed on in Paris, panhandling, singing, dancing and playing the kazoo in cafes for centimes.

During that time, Van Peebles knocked out five novels. He wrote them in self-taught French because the French directors' union is required to give a union card to any author writing in French who wants to direct a film made from his own works. Armed with his

## MODERN LIVING

### The Minneapolis Look

Over the past several years, a dizzying variety of fashions has tripped across the American scene. Gypsies, carhops, farmerettes and Hindu goddesses have all been the Look, more or less, at one time or another. It was a splendid trip for the under-25s, but their elders retired almost unanimously into pantsuits, or simply brazened it out in the Little Black Dress that has reigned as the basic classic for more than a generation. Now, as autumn clothes fill department store racks, the classic look seems to be newly fashionable.

This fall, American women are destined for crisply cut blazers, tailored and pleated skirts, Argyle sweaters, traditional tweeds, meltons and flannels. Colors will be bright and clear. After the mini-dilemma of last year, hemlines will generally hover cautiously around the knee.

One reason for the great turnabout is a dawning realization that women who have money to spend want clothes that are comfortable and smart. Says Stan Herman, designer for Mr. Mort: "Business was so rotten last year that we began to look around for the answer—and the answer was to give the lady out in Middle America what she wants. It's a salable look." Manhattan Designer Bill Blass is even more emphatic. "I have just returned from Minneapolis," he reports, "a city I consider a good barometer of the mood of the country, and I found women hungry for clothes.

They just haven't been buying, but now they're tempted." Blass, whose forte is the tailored look, says that "we learned last year the best we can do is make suggestions." Elaine Honest, vice president and merchandise manager for designer fashions at Manhattan's Bonwit Teller, agrees: "We're ready for some sensible clothes. We've had every ethnic look possible over the past year."

**Funk and Grace.** Within the classic range, there will be variations. "We are not a socialist country," says Designer Donald Brooks, "so why should there be a single look?" Brooks, in line with his own designs, predicts that girl watchers will be observing "marvelous-looking girls in styles ranging from the deep and great funk to the beginnings of pride, elegance, grace and femininity."

There are only a few total dissenters to the classic concept, and one is Giorgio di Sant'Angelo, who is something of a constant rebel. "Fashion people think it will save the dress business, but it ain't gonna save it," he says. "Who wants an old-fashioned dress?"

Women won't buy the same dress they bought in the '40s and pay three times as much for it." As his alternative, Sant'Angelo is offering bright colors in an Oriental ambience. "My new clothes have a feeling of the Chinese," he says. "But modern Chinese—very geometric."

For those who look to Paris instead of Peking for their guides to style, however, the classic look seems sure to prevail at least through next spring. The midsummer showings fell almost unanimously

into what *Women's Wear Daily* calls the "civilized" look. Ohrbach Fashion Consultant Sydney Gittler declared that the Paris clothes "were the most exciting clothes of the season. Seventh Avenue will have a picnic with them next spring" (referring to the fact that designers work six months ahead of schedule). As if to back up Gittler, a number of Seventh Avenue manufacturers scurried onto Paris-bound planes—even though they are operating on tight budgets—once word of the new styles reached them.

Generally what Paris had to offer was a somewhat more elegant, sophisticated—and costly—version of the Minneapolis look. Fitted coats were back in season—even the full ones fell from narrow tops or were tightly belted. One new trend sure to appear in the U.S.: shorter coats in various forms, from Yves St. Laurent's Chinese padded coolie coat to Lanvin's not quite full-length duffel coat and Givenchy's ponchos and shawls. Evening dresses were back, the grander ones—Dior's 30 yds. of chiffon—inspired, some said, by the imminent celebration of Iran's 2,500th birthday. Day length was firmly around the knee. Suits were fitted, with fairly long jackets over flared or pleated skirts. High boots were out, but high—though not necessarily narrow—heels were back in, which will possibly mean that a whole new generation will have to learn to walk in them.

**Maidens in Uniform.** Teen-agers and the young twenties who say they no longer believe in fashion can be expected to stick with the bird-of-paradise styles of the past year and even come up with some new ones. Among other things, they will probably pick up more

ALAIN DEJEAN—GAMMA



LANVIN ENSEMBLE

L'ESPRESSO



ST. LAURENT PANTSUIT

ALAIN DEJEAN—GAMMA



DIOR EVENING GOWN



CHANEL SUIT

*More elegant, sophisticated and costly.*

enthusiastically than ever the fad for olive-drab, uniform-style garb now the rage of teeny-bopper Europe. But for a time at least, the mainstream of the fashion industry is directed toward Minneapolis' Nicollet Avenue and its even lesser-known environs.

## Hitchhiking by Air

Early this year, word seeped through the underground that the hippest new way to travel was overground—hitchhiking on the steadily growing fleet of 80,000 or so private American aircraft that are in service at any given time. Pilots of noncommercial planes found themselves confronted increasingly often by earnest youngsters holding signs that read "Boston," "Twin Cities," or simply "West" or "Europe"—and often the hitchhikers made it to their destinations. As a way of travel, hitchhiking by air is both adventurous and free, and has become popular enough to be declared illegal in Denver. To investigate the underground's airline, *TIME* Reporter-Researcher Marion Knox packed a small red suitcase, two books and a purse holding \$120 and set off to thumb her way to Los Angeles. Her report:

The best jumping-off points from New York are Westchester County Airport, the Butler Aviation Terminal for private planes at La Guardia, and Teterboro, N.J., and I quickly learn that corporate jets are the most likely bets. They take the longest jumps and often "deadhead"—that is, fly empty to pick up passengers. Jeffrey, a girl I meet, has been waiting six days so far for a hop to Europe. "I would never have believed I'd stay so long," she says, "but everyone here has been so nice." I'm luckier: on the fourth day, I get a lift west out of Butler (though other rides were offered to Boston, Ottawa, Wilmington and Pittsburgh).

Off to a Rodeo. The ride turns up only after my cheek muscles start to ache from holding a perpetual cheery smile. I ask a pilot "Going west?" and he answers "Yup." He consults his employers, and suddenly I am climbing into a Mitsubishi twin-jet, courtesy of a gruff Chicago executive named Joseph Salvato, a first-generation Sicilian whose cousin John jokingly calls him "God." We land at Hinsdale, Ill., 17 miles from Chicago.

Off to Chicago's Midway Airport by taxi. Late in the afternoon, two pilots for the Husky Oil Co., of Cody, Wyo., suggest that I ask their boss, Chairman of the Board Glenn Nielson, for a lift to Cody. Nielson is slightly taken aback but finally agrees, and we have tea and cookies aboard his jet Sabreliner on the way to Cody. Nielson immediately sends me off to a rodeo. A nice man.

But the Cody airport isn't nearly so nice, and after a day of waiting in vain for another lift, I hop a commercial flight (\$37 youth fare) to Denver. That night, with a bit of help from friendly mechanics, I snooze in the pilot's lounge.

"Don't get discouraged," says one mechanic. "We'll look out for you." They do. Early the next morning, a pilot sticks his head in to ask if I would like a lift in his Gulfstream jet across the Rockies to Grand Junction, Colo. I would, and 300 miles later we're there. He arranges for a hop with an oilman to Los Angeles on Monday.

After the posh jets, the piston-engined Cessna 310 feels like a Volkswagen, but we zoom gallantly up over the brown hills pockmarked with ravines and gullies and head for Las Vegas and a fuel stop. A huge passenger jet bounces us gently in its wake and I shud-



REPORTER KNOX IN LOS ANGELES  
A ride with God.

der. We gas up; off to the southwest we see storm clouds and lightning. Never mind: we're off again. For a moment, I think of those scary instructions picked up back in New York: if both pilots conk out aloft, set the radio dials at 121.5 and ask whoever answers how to land a plane. But then we are past the storm, and 80 minutes later the lights of Los Angeles twinkle into view. After nine days, \$60, and only one would-be maser, I've made it.

Not a bad trip. But there are a few rules to follow, and here is a selection: 1) Forget deadlines; you'll never make them. 2) Girls will always get rides more easily than boys—but not in jeans; wear a skirt. 3) Never leave the operations area for a minute, because the moment you depart a ride always seems to turn up. I missed two flights that way, one direct to Los Angeles. 4) Make friends with everyone—the ground crewmen always know where a ride might be found. 5) Bring cotton or earplugs—my ears still ring from jet noises. 6) When asking for a ride, be direct but lighthearted, and don't push if the answer is negative. 7) Carry lots of books for long waits. 8) Avoid Cody, Wyo.

## MILESTONES

**Divorced.** Vincente Minnelli, 68, Oscar-winning Hollywood director (*Gigi*, 1958) and father, by his previous marriage to Judy Garland, of Singer-Actress Liza Minnelli; and Denise Minnelli, 40, best-dressed and bejeweled Beverly Hills hostess; after ten years of marriage, no children; in Los Angeles.

**Died.** Philip J. Levin, 62, multimillionaire real estate developer and president of the Madison Square Garden Corp.; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. The balding wheeler-dealer amassed much of his fortune of more than \$100 million by building scores of shopping centers from Maine to Miami. He also became MGM's largest single stockholder, and in 1966 and 1967 staged unsuccessful proxy fights against the management. Levin then sold his MGM stock and bought into the conglomerate, Gulf & Western Industries. He headed Madison Square Garden since February.

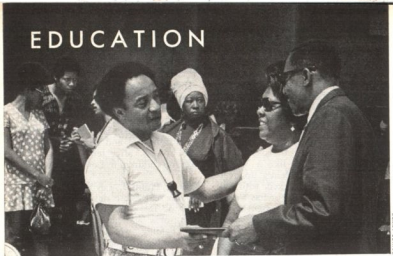
**Died.** Fausto Cleva, 69, Trieste-born conductor associated with New York's Metropolitan Opera for the past half-century; of a heart attack suffered while conducting Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice*; in Athens. Cleva's career got off to an auspicious start when the maestro who was scheduled to lead a 1920 performance in Ravenna, Italy, of Puccini's *The Girl of the Golden West* suddenly quit; the opera manager asked where he could find a substitute at the last minute. "Here's your man," said Puccini, pointing to 18-year-old Cleva, who had been conducting during rehearsals. Cleva eventually became a stalwart of the Met's Italian repertory.

**Died.** Yuri F. Faier, 81, chief conductor of the Bolshoi Ballet Orchestra from 1924 to 1963; in Moscow. While they showered Faier with bravos from Manhattan to Moscow, audiences were largely unaware that a congenial affliction had left the conductor almost totally blind, able to see only dim silhouettes. After joining the Bolshoi as a violinist, Faier memorized dozens of scores and choreographies until he knew just where each dancer should be at any point in any ballet. The portly maestro with perfect pitch was able to coordinate the orchestra precisely with the onstage movements of the dancers.

**Died.** Edward L. Ryerson, 84, civic-minded chairman of the immense Inland Steel Co. between 1940 and 1953; in Chicago. Though he once claimed to "resent the idea of being introduced or publicly identified as a representative of big business," Ryerson was one of the steel industry's most prominent and articulate spokesmen. After his 1953 retirement from Inland Steel, Ryerson's continuing participation in numerous Chicago community organizations earned him the title "Mr. Welfare."



# EDUCATION



HURST AWARDING POSTHUMOUS DEGREE  
Turning the urge for rebellion into a quest for knowledge.

## Intellectual Black Power

Not many college presidents are like Charles G. Hurst Jr.—yet. He is a high school dropout who was a husband and father at 15. He has been a boxer, ditch digger, janitor, foundry hand and crane operator, and has served four months and 14 days in a North Carolina jail for being caught with bootleg liquor. Now 43, he delivers evangelistic speeches to his student body, garbed in dashikis, while from a gold chain around his neck hangs a carved African-style tiki in the form of a clenched fist.

For the past 23 years Hurst has presided over Chicago's Malcolm X College, one of seven two-year community colleges run by the city. This fall, enrollment will increase to 5,000, making Malcolm X one of the largest black undergraduate colleges in the nation. By bluntly adjusting higher education to urban black students rather than trying to adjust the students to the curriculum, Hurst has already been enormously successful in solving depressingly familiar problems.

**Ideal Nigger.** Like Malcolm X, Hurst emerged from jail armed with "bitterness and determination." He worked his way through Detroit's Wayne State University, and went on to get a Ph.D. in audiology. At 36, he became professor of speech at Howard University in Washington, D.C., where he was tapped for the Chicago job. "It looked like I was the ideal nigger," he says dryly. "They thought they were getting a good ole Howard Negro."

Chicago was getting more than that—and needed it. When Hurst arrived at the junior college then called Crane, the student body, once white, had become mostly black. But the teachers were still 75% white, and they were somehow unable to make even remedial programs work: 80% of the students dropped out before finishing one semester. In the face of rising student hostility, the college provided an armed guard and bus to take faculty members the 400 yards from the front door to the parking lot.

Hurst immediately set to work to

purge faculty members who were "not interested in the community, the school or the students." He now concedes that he used every technique "including intimidation," a precedent he could regret if the community ever turns against him. By the end of his first year, over half the original faculty had left. Chancellor of City Colleges Oscar E. Shabat ran powerful interference with the infuriated teachers' union, and Hurst assembled a faculty that is more than 60% black (he aims for 80%). It is heavy with recruits who had become frustrated by the city's public school system, and this fall it will be sprinkled with black celebrities, including Sammy Davis Jr.

**Redesigning Things.** The college was originally named for Richard T. Crane, a white manufacturer of plumbing equipment, which prompted Hurst to declare the decrepit school he took over "an educational cesspool." After an eight-month battle with the board of the Chicago City Colleges, Hurst got Crane renamed for Malcolm X, raised the green, red and black flag of black liberation next to the U.S. and Illinois flags, and won the trust of Chicago's black radicals. Black Panther Leader Fred Hampton had been a student the semester before he was killed in a police shootout. This year, Hurst called attention to the high mortality among black youths in Chicago by awarding a posthumous degree to Reginald Knox, one of his students who was killed, apparently by members of a gang he refused to join. Says Hurst: "In the past, the idea was for a black person to go to a collegiate institution and try to become white in as many ways as possible, then hope to be accepted by the white community. We have begun to redesign things."

Tuned to diverse city rhythms, Malcolm X runs a weekend college every Saturday and Sunday for 1,000 working students who are too weary for the school's night classes. This fall, it will open a day care center to help the several dozen mothers who now take their babies with them to class. Mindful of his own prison stay, Hurst recruits pa-

rolees, recently started an extension of the college in a reformatory. Several lawyers on the Malcolm X faculty defend students who Hurst says are often harassed by Chicago police.

Hurst has scant patience with the notion that college is only for the "qualified." Says he: "College courses are overrated. There is nothing in college that the average person cannot learn if given time and the proper motivation. Here, we deal in motivation, and we give them time." Students have unlimited time to complete a course satisfactorily. Much of the motivation comes from Hurst's missionary encouragement of black pride through curriculum in black studies (Hurst teaches the course on institutional racism that is required of all students). In addition, students are spurred by the prospect of solid jobs in the growing fields for which the school's vocational programs prepare them, including medical lab work, industrial plant engineering, nursing and even police work.

**No Profanity.** Hurst bans profanity and expels anyone seen fighting or selling drugs. He has made academic standards more flexible, but insists that there be standards nonetheless. High school dropouts can be admitted, but they must undergo a probationary semester or pass a high school equivalency exam before fully matriculating; for those who need help with that exam, Malcolm X operates a street academy. Entire classes devoted to remedial work have been eliminated—"they convinced students of their uneducability"—but Hurst says many students come to understand that they need more basic skills. If so, they go to a "learning center" for individual tutoring.

Hurst's heuristic methods have begun to achieve amazing results. Reports TIME Correspondent Jacob E. Simms: "There is a certain hardness to the student body. The usual buzzing and chatter are absent. An almost solemn silence permeates the hallways. Intense arguments go on in the student lounge. Even basketball seems to be played with unusual seriousness." The dropout rate has plummeted; this year less than 10% of Hurst's students failed to complete each semester. Members of last year's graduating class were accepted at colleges from the University of Illinois to Howard to Berkeley; all 115 graduates of the various nursing programs have jobs. Meanwhile the trustees voted to erect a modern, block-long \$26 million building into which the college moved last spring.

Unquestionably highhanded and ambitious, Hurst antagonizes people who disagree with him. Even sympathetic visitors occasionally come away with a sense that some of the innovations he talks about are not yet fully successful. No one knows whether the *esprit* that Hurst generated among the first students can carry over as the college expands. Still, he got a major vote of confidence last week when state and federal officials announced that Malcolm X would get the lion's share of nearly \$1,000,000 in grants to Chicago-area colleges. A good



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many people seem to agree with the view of Civil Rights Leader Jesse Jackson. "The genius of Dr. Hurst," says Jackson, "is his ability to turn the urge for rebellion into a quest for knowledge."

### Battlefield Communiqué

Though National Guardsmen have not been needed to quell their disorders, in the past three years U.S. high schools have become far more frequently troubled than college campuses ever were. Almost two-thirds of the nation's high schools—expensive new suburban complexes as well as the blackboard jungles of inner cities—have suffered disruptions. The incidents range from peaceful sit-ins protesting censorship of the student paper to savage riots between blacks and whites. Last week a fresh report from one of the worst battlefields, New York City, suggested that schools have themselves partly to blame.

The panel issuing the report, appointed by the public schools' new chancellor, Harvey B. Scribner, was hardly composed of radicals. It consisted of a high school principal, a policeman and one representative each from the teachers' union and the association of supervisors. The four observers visited a 20-school cross section of the city's 92 high schools over a period of two months last spring and polled principals at the rest. Their most optimistic finding was that a majority of the schools were no worse off last year than the year before. Still, the "typical" city high school required one full-time policeman, three to four civilian security guards, and 15 paraprofessional aides doing security work.

No Missiles. The panel's simplest recommendations forecast schools resembling prisons. All classrooms would be locked when not in use (many already are) and teachers would have to return their keys to the principal's office before leaving each night. Outside handles would be removed from all doors save the main one, to deter students who had been suspended or expelled from coming back in and roaming the halls. Every student would have an ID card. Since fights often break out in cafeterias, the panel suggested that schools substitute plastic garbage bags for the metal cans that are now turned into missiles.

Many underlying pressures for disruption, the panel conceded, are linked to problems that schools cannot fully control: drugs and racial hostilities. But in addition, "the schools are unstable to a large extent because of student alienation and boredom." The panel implies that the students can scarcely be blamed. City life, jobs, and the makeup of the student body have changed almost beyond recognition. The student population, for example, is now 29.9% black and 17.5% Puerto Rican. The schools' curriculum, however, is not very different from what it was 50 years ago. Above all, the youngsters expressed a feeling of "depersonalization" and requested over and over that there be somebody on the faculty

with enough time to talk individually with them. Such contacts are nearly impossible in schools with enrollments of 4,000 or so, especially where teachers are forced to do too much besides teach, and where one guidance counselor may be responsible for 1,000 students.

The panel found that vocational high schools were the least troubled. Hence it suggested loosening up schedules in regular high schools so that more students could take vocational courses. Huge high schools built for economic reasons should be subdivided into smaller "schools within schools" offering a far wider range of academic courses.

Like many cities, New York has a sluggish school bureaucracy that is used to spending its limited money in traditional ways. The chances for widespread changes may have been foretold most clearly in another finding. Promising new programs—combinations of career training with academic work, intensive courses for college preparation, and summer classes for bilingual students—have already been worked out, some as long as five years ago. They are still reaching less than 5% of the city's high school pupils.

### Saving an Island School

TIME Boston Correspondent Philip Taubman took a trip down East recently to explore a special kind of depopulation problem. His report:

Trouble came to tiny Cliff Island, Me., on the second Tuesday in September last year. Residents of the wooded rock in Casco Bay were saddened but not surprised to hear what happened when Johanna von Tiling took

PHIL TAUBMAN



VON TILING & STUDENTS  
The lobstermen's catch.

attendance in the one-room schoolhouse that has nestled in the thick maples and spruce for 100 years. She counted seven students. A Maine law designed to discourage inefficient small schools requires a minimum of eight for a school to stay open.

The 60 year-round islanders, and some of the 250 summer regulars, saw the imminent demise of the school leading to the end of their island. The nearest mainland classes, where island teen-agers already go, are a 90-minute ferry ride to Portland. "We couldn't put our young ones on the 6:15 morning ferry and ask them to make that trip," says Lobsterman Jim Seymour, father of two grade school kids.

**Killing Blow.** Cliff Island could not afford to lose Seymour, or Ben O'Reilly Jr., who plows the heavy winter snows, or Bunk MacVane, Bub Anderson and Bruce Dyer, lobstermen all. Four hundred winter people lived on the island 70 years ago, but residents have been moving to the mainland and its more varied jobs for years. An exodus of the remaining young families would be the killing blow. The post office, the general store, the snow plow and even the daily ferry would stop. The island, still populated by descendants of its 17th century settlers, would become a ghost town.

With a year's grace granted by the Portland school committee, the tenacious lobstermen decided to try catching new children on the mainland for their school. O'Reilly's father-in-law found a family with six children willing to make the move. Trouble was, O'Reilly's father-in-law is head of the Portland welfare office, and the family he wanted to import was among his clients. In Maine, a lot of people still believe a man should always earn his own way. The islanders talked and debated and finally made a choice. The family of Carroll Wilcox, a former construction worker, was invited. "They are the right kind of welfare family," one lobsterman remarked at the time. "The father is sick. He can't work."

**Good Fortune.** In Maine, people have another powerful belief: when you do something, do it right. The island men, after a full day's work, labored together each evening to renovate and winterize a vacant house for the Wilcoxes. On June 17 the family moved in with three children of primary school age. Carroll Wilcox, the ailing father, told his new neighbors he would be willing to do part-time work.

Last month more good fortune came when Gordon Griffin, a 23-year Navy veteran, retired back to the island with his two school-age kids. "I like it here," he says. "I can live at my own pace. I'll be lobstering again pretty soon." So the school is safe. Enrollment may even reach 16 this September. The men keep working every evening on two more empty homes. When school opens this fall, they predict that Johanna von Tiling will have children from two or three more families to teach.

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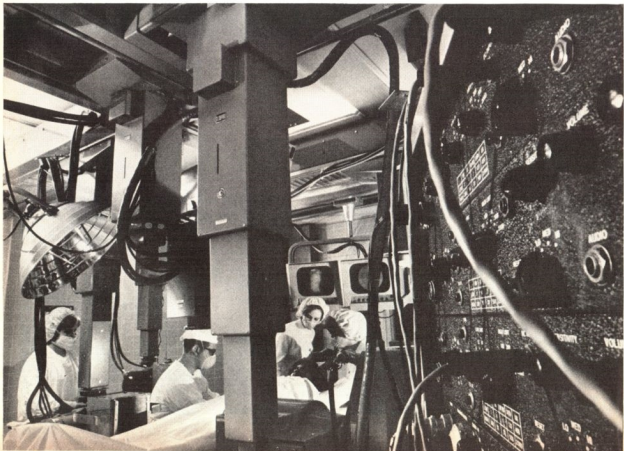
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## CINEMA



HILL CLIMBING IN "ON ANY SUNDAY"

### Dual Exhaust

*On Any Sunday* is a distinctly unconvincing celebration of motorcycle racing by Bruce Brown, who made the wildly successful surfing paean *The Endless Summer* in 1966. Brown's enthusiasm for his subjects is unbounded, and *On Any Sunday* shares with its predecessor a kind of gosh-all-fishhooks fascination with the rituals of sporting risk. But whereas *The Endless Summer* has marvelous scenery of rolling seas, *On Any Sunday* offers only roaring motors. For a very long 95 minutes, Brown unreels footage of racers: surging around a track or scrambling cross-country, gunning their motors to assault a peak in Utah or speeding—a thousand strong—through the Mojave Desert.

**Packaged Audience.** Brown is at pains to include every conceivable cliché of documentary film making. There is plenty of slow motion, a rash of feeble jokes (mostly involving riders taking a fall or splattering themselves with mud), and a musical score by Dominic Frontiere that sounds as if it were lifted straight out of some industrial short like *The Glory of Tupperware*. Brown solemnly informs us, via the sound track, how dangerous the whole business of bike racing really is, and his attitude toward such pros as Mert Lawwill and Malcolm Smith and talented amateurs like Steve McQueen is plainly, sometimes embarrassingly, adulatory. In the course of his narration Brown mentions that there are 4,000,000 motorcycle riders in the U.S., which gives him a neatly packaged audience who will presumably be more sympathetic toward *On Any Sunday* than many unconverted viewers for whom the machines might just as well be lawnmowers.

Almost anyone, however, might mildly enjoy *Evel Knievel*, a cheerfully silly motorcycle saga based on the life



LYON & HAMILTON IN "EVEL KNieVEL"

of a professional daredevil and his wife Linda (Sue Lyon). The movie is best when dealing with Knievel's early exploits: harassing the small-town Montana cops, riding into a dormitory full of giggling co-eds in pursuit of his girl friend, and stunt driving in a run-down local rodeo. Soon Knievel (played improbably but ingratiously by George Hamilton) begins to build quite a reputation for himself, and even becomes a sort of folk hero. Crowds turn out from all over the state—and, it is eventually implied, from all over the country—to watch his harebrained heroics. The film ends with him jumping over 19 cars on his chopper and promising an assault on the Grand Canyon. His death, he swears, will be "glorious."

Surprisingly for a film biography of a man who is still alive (the real Knievel performed in Madison Square Garden a month ago), the hero is portrayed as an egomaniac, a compulsive worrier and a shameless searcher after publicity. Marvin Chomsky's direction is pedestrian, but the script (by Alan Caillou, John Milius and Pat Williams) has some nice moments of quirky comedy, as when a fissure opens in the earth and a rather large automobile disappears without a trace. The film is good-naturedly skeptical and occasionally satiric about Knievel's exploits—in marked and welcome relief to the gushiness of Bruce Brown.

★ Jay Cocks

### Allegories and Icebergs

Director John Frankenheimer continues to be preoccupied with the dynamics of courage and risk. *The Horsemen* is a further examination (like *Grand Prix* and *The Gypsy Moths* before it) of men testing themselves against awesomely high standards of accomplishment. As in the previous films, Fran-

kenheimer succeeds brilliantly at re-creating the visceral tensions of competition. It is only when he tries to analyze them that he gets into difficulty.

Based on a florid Joseph Kessel novel, *The Horsemen* concerns a master Afghan rider named Uraz (Omar Sharif) who enters the game of *buzkashi* to assert his manhood and prove himself to his stern and demanding father (Jack Palance). *Buzkashi*, the national sport of Afghanistan that seems almost medieval in its ferocity, is a considerable test. Contestants ride fiercely against each other, struggling for possession of a headless goat that they must carry twice around the playing field before depositing it at the feet of their king. In the unrestrained fury of the competition Uraz breaks a leg and loses the *buzkashi*. Partly as penance and partly to regain some measure of self-respect, he sets out with his servant deliberately choosing a nearly impassable mountain route to return home.

**Fake Dialogue.** Until now the film has been a vigorous and accomplished adventure. But during the journey, allegorical trappings descend like a shroud, suffocating much of the movie's energy and momentum. Uraz and the servant meet an outcast woman named Zereh (Leigh Taylor-Young), who promptly turns the men against each other. She even tries to get the servant to murder Uraz so that they may steal his fine white horse. Delirious with pain from his broken leg, Uraz is beleaguered by the elements, his traveling companions, and his own sense of shame. He retaliates by tempting Zereh and taunting the servant, thereby making the journey more difficult and the allegory more dense.

Frankenheimer's technical virtuosity receives ample display, the *buzkashi*



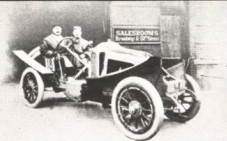
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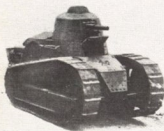
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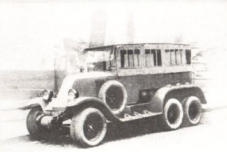
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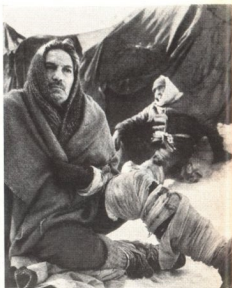


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alone is thunderously exciting and imparts a startling sense of participation. But he has tried to do too much. Besides his obsession with courage, he obviously also wanted to say something about greed, honor and duty, but the themes never mesh. Dalton Trumbo's screenplay and his fake Arabian Nights dialogue do nothing to help. There is much talk of "the coolness of my shop" and characters greet each other with such fulsome salutations as "Peace on you, O master of the stables." Miss Taylor-Young bolts across the Panavision screen flaring her nostrils and looking in her gypsy makeup like a refugee from *Golden Earrings*. But Jack Palance brings a certain shopworn dignity to his part, and Sharif is better here than in anything else since *Lawrence of Arabia*.

The flaccid heroics of another ad-



FINCH SUFFERING IN "RED TENT"  
Frozen heroics.

venture film. *The Red Tent*, invite only listlessness. Based on events surrounding the crash of the Italian airship *Italia* in 1928, the movie spins a meandering tale of arctic survival and rescue. Peter Finch has a nice go at the part of General Umberto Nobile, the expedition commander, and Sean Connery is engaging as the famed Norwegian explorer Roald Amundsen, who died searching for Nobile.

There is some stunningly eerie footage of snowscapes and icebergs, but Mikhail Kalatozov directs his dramatic scenes in the overripe style of the worst pseudopepic Russian film making. *The Red Tent* (so titled for the makeshift shelter in which the survivors took refuge) at no time does justice to the drama of the subject. Finch and his crew are continually threatened by starvation and frostbite, but sheer boredom somehow seems a more likely fate.

■ J.C.



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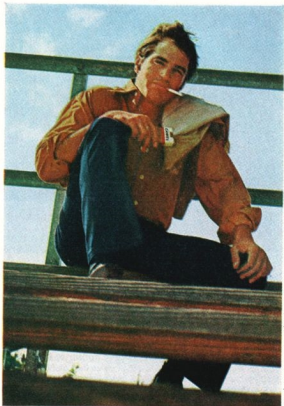
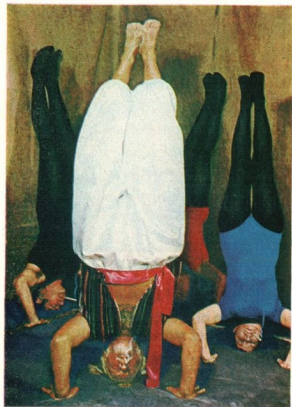
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## THE LAW

### Shrinking the Oceans

*The dominion of the land ends where the power of its arms ends.*

—Dutch Jurist Cornelius van Bynkershoek, 1703

What was good enough for Jurist Bynkershoek was long good enough for nations and legal scholars. In 1793, the U.S. formally declared a territorial limit of three miles, or as far as a cannon of those days could shoot. Most coastal countries still claim sovereignty over only the merest slivers of sea off their shores, usually three miles (claimed by 25 countries) or twelve miles (claimed by 44). But now a high-seas war of sorts is brewing over a dozen nations, mostly in Latin America, that claim jurisdiction out to 200 miles.

Fortunately the issue is likely to be thrashed out by lawyers and diplomats 170 miles from the nearest salt water—at the Palais des Nations in Geneva. There delegates from 86 nations have been meeting for the past two weeks to prepare for a 1973 conference. The forthcoming parley will be the third attempt in 15 years to settle once and for all just who controls what—on, in, under and even over the seas. The International Court at The Hague is of no use in the case; its decisions are binding only if all parties agree in advance to abide by them. Meantime, the dispute has taken on bizarre ideological overtones, with the U.S. and other seafaring nations (including the Soviet Union) cast as big-stick bullies plundering the underdeveloped countries of all sorts of oceanic treasure. Among the recent skirmishes:

**ECUADOR**, most combative of the Latin American claimants, has seized 26 American-owned fishing vessels this year alone, often using U.S.-supplied patrol boats. Washington counterpunched by halting sales of military equipment to Quito and threatening to place the \$25 million U.S. economic-aid program "under review"; Quito counter-counterpunched by expelling the entire 37-man U.S. military mission.

**BRAZIL**, whose 200-mile claim went into effect last June, promptly dispatched ships and aircraft to run off "poachers." Vessels from Japan, South Korea, Guyana and Surinam scurried off. Not the Americans. The U.S. boats defiantly put out their nets; the U.S. Congress set aside legislation designed to help Brazil and other countries by keeping coffee prices artificially high; Brazilian legislators jumped to their feet in the Chamber of Deputies with fist-shaking warnings of war. Meanwhile, Brazil's admirals are planning to spend \$300 million to modernize their navy over the next decade, though Brazil surely needs the money for other purposes.

Technology is at the root of the struggles. Improvements in weaponry long

ago extended the range of cannon far beyond three miles. Meanwhile, postwar advances in techniques for fishing as well as for undersea mining and drilling have given offshore waters considerable economic importance. The U.S. was one of the first countries to make legal claims recognizing that fact; in the Truman Proclamation of 1945, it claimed sole right to the riches of the continental shelf, which ranges from 50 to 150 miles off the East Coast of the U.S. No such shelf exists off the West Coast of South America, but Chile, Ecuador and Peru cited the Truman Proclamation in 1952 when they issued



the Declaration of Santiago claiming exclusive fishing rights up to 200 miles offshore. That was just enough to embrace the broad reaches of the Humboldt Current, one of the richest fishing grounds in the world.

In all, ten Latin American countries now claim a 200-mile jurisdiction; some claim only fishing rights, but most insist on full territorial sovereignty. All of them are vigorously lobbying for Third World support elsewhere. Guinea has declared sovereignty over 130 miles of sea off its West African coast, and this year tiny Sierra Leone went the full 200-mile distance.

What difference does it make if countries do stake out such extravagant claims? State Department Legal Adviser

John R. Stevenson, head of the U.S. delegation at Geneva, notes that if the 200-mile limit were established worldwide, more than 25% and possibly as much as 50% of open oceans would cease to be "high seas" and fall under national jurisdictions. Ships might retain their established right of "innocent passage" through territorial seas of any country while en route to distant ports, but airlines have no such legal privilege: they would have to negotiate for rights to fly over vast stretches of ocean that are now open to anyone. The U.S. suggested a universal twelve-mile limit in Geneva last week, but even that poses problems. International guarantees would be necessary to keep open not only man-made passages like the Suez Canal but also more than 100 busy straits and channels that are less than 24 miles wide. Among them are the myriad passages through Indonesia and the Philippines, the Strait of Gibraltar, Bab el Mandeb at the entrance to the Red Sea and even the English Channel.

**Weak and Stupid.** The dispute has led to some peculiar alliances. The U.S. and the Soviet Union are ardent rivals at sea, but as maritime powers they are united in opposition to the 200-mile advocates. In turn, the 200-milers, which include some rather rich and right-wing regimes, are attempting to embarrass the superpowers by pleading "Third World" status. Though Peking claims a twelve-mile limit, it supports the 200-milers, noisily opposing the U.S.-Soviet "schemes" to "divide up and dominate the oceans."

Washington wants to resolve the issue with a new international oceanic treaty that would supersede all existing claims. In addition to a twelve-mile territorial sea, the U.S. plan provides for local control of wealth in the seabed out to a limit of twelve miles or until the water depth reaches 650 feet, whichever point is farthest offshore. Beyond the limit of seabed rights and up to the edge of the continental shelf, the local government would act as a trustee, licensing and taxing such undersea operations as mining and drilling; a certain share of the proceeds, perhaps 50%, would be distributed to underdeveloped countries. An international tribunal would also consider applications for special fishing rights.

The Latin Americans are unlikely to go along. Said a Peruvian Foreign Ministry official of the U.S. proposal: "What they really want is to split the 200-mile area: twelve miles for us and 188 miles for them! Should we be weak and stupid enough to give in, there would follow an ocean grab by the big powers."

It is somehow fitting that the 200-mile claims are supported by the two powers that were involved in the last successful effort (back in the 15th century) to divide and dominate the world's charted oceans. One is Spain, which claimed control over the western reaches of the Atlantic; the other is Portugal, which made do with the rest.



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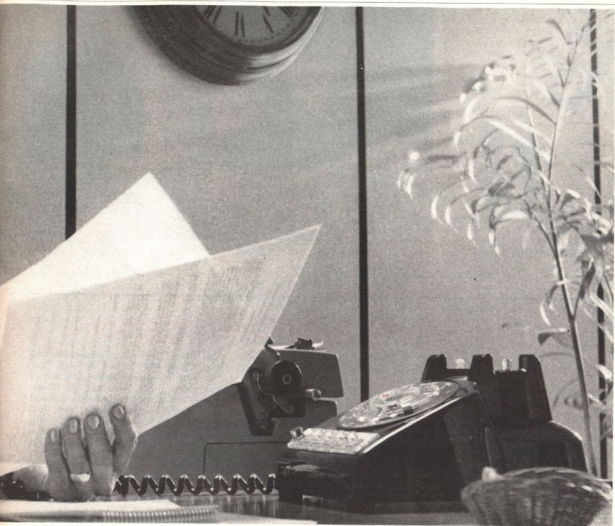
Consolidated net income rose to \$353 million, an increase of 21% over restated 1969 net income of \$293 million.

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"It must be proved to me that wage-price controls will work."



"H-H-Herbert Hoover!"

## BUSINESS

# The Showdown Fight Over Inflation

IN other times and other places, at least one good thing could be said about inflation. It usually brought more pleasures than immediate problems. Prices rose, but paychecks and profits scooted up even faster. Few people could resist the urge to go on a buying spree to stock up on clothes, cars and all sorts of consumer goods in order to beat the next price hike. Daring entrepreneurs became instant millionaires; even penny-ante plungers built up neat nest eggs in the stock market. Inevitably, an exhilarating boom faded into sobering recession. But the letdown was usually short and sharp, followed quickly by rebound and prosperity.

Not now. Today's lingering inflation hangs on—and on and on. It is a particularly joyless affliction. Instead of expanding fast, businessmen are holding down their capital budgets and laying off workers. Instead of spending and investing, the public is saving at record rates and staying out of the stock market. For one of the rare times in U.S. history, almost everyone feels less well off than he was several years ago.

Businessmen have kicked up their prices more rapidly than at any time since the Korean War, but profits before taxes have fallen from \$88 billion in 1968 to an estimated annual rate of \$84 billion in this year's first half. Workers have won many extortionate wage raises—labor costs have been rising more than 7% annually—but since 1968 the real weekly earnings of the American wage earner have inched up from an average \$90.67 to only \$91.96. In the past 2½ years alone, inflation has cut the value of the dollar by 12%, and the once-prized greenback is now the weakest major currency in the world.

On the other side of the coin, business is improving. The nation gradually lifted out of its recession late last year; from their 1970 low points, production has risen 3.9% and personal income has advanced 8.6%. Consumers complain about being broke, but in fact they have more money than ever (though their dollars are worth less than before). They are increasing their savings at a spectacular annual rate of \$64 billion. If they could be tempted to part with some of that cash, retail sales and the stock market could soar. Businessmen have trimmed the overly large payrolls that they accumulated during the 1960s, and the nation could be ready for a surge in productivity, rising from last year's abnormally low gain of .9% to 4% or 5% this year and next. Administration spokesmen insist that the U.S. is poised to enter one of history's most prosperous and productive periods.

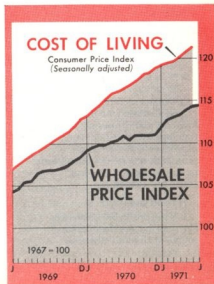
### Signs of Pessimism

What is needed to start a buoyant economic revival is a combination of decisive leadership in Washington, plus a revival of consumer confidence. And that confidence is hard to come by. Across the country, people seem to have lost faith in Washington's economic management; there is a growing feeling that the President and his advisers are making roseate promises instead of taking politically painful actions to hold down both wages and prices. The Harris poll shows that 70% of those queried believe that the President is not doing well in his handling of the economy.

In the White House, Nixon's aides are particularly worried about two recent signs of public pessimism. Corporate chiefs have been complaining

that their business has softened in the past month or two. And the stock market, which is a reasonable indicator of the public mood, is weak. The Dow-Jones industrial average has declined 100 points from its April high; last week it fell 8 points, closing at 851. Almost every week consumers and businessmen are battered with bad news. Consider last week's outpouring:

- ▶ Railway workers won a 42% pay increase for 42 months, and the Administration hailed it as something of a victory because the unions agreed to do away with some featherbedding.
  - ▶ Steelworkers won an inflationary contract calling for increases of about 30% over three years, and steelmakers immediately kicked up prices by 8%.
- That, in turn, will lead to price boosts





"Do you want it wrapped or bronzed?"

for countless other products made of steel.\* General Motors promptly announced a 3.9% increase in 1972 models—an average \$176 per car.

► Industrial wholesale prices in July increased .7%, the fastest monthly rise in almost six years.

► Unemployment in July rose from 5.6% to 5.8%. The latest body count in the war against inflation: 5,330,000 jobless Americans.

► The dollar sank in relation to the German mark, the French franc, the Belgian franc and almost every other currency in world money markets. Many European bankers figured that it was only a matter of time before the dollar would somehow have to be devalued. Another international monetary crisis could break out at any moment.

The economy has become the nation's No. 1 political issue, eclipsing Viet Nam, China, crime and civil rights. Says an official of the Republican National Committee: "The economy is lit-

erally the only thing that's hurting us, and it's hurting the hell out of us." Adds a White House aide: "The economy has been killing us all along." The key question is whether the President is doing enough to check inflation, create jobs and get the economy moving, or whether, as Democrats charge, he is running a close second to Herbert Hoover—treating the current economy as casually as Hoover treated the Depression.

Originally, Nixon hoped to stop inflation without much pain. There would be no mandatory controls, no strong-arm interference with labor negotiations, no messing with the free market. Instead, the Administration would rely on classic economic remedies, holding down its own budget spending while relying on the independent Federal Reserve Board to hold back the supply of money and credit. That kind of "Nixonomics" was supposed to slow the economy briefly and decisively brake the price spiral. After that, the Administration could again rev up business by increasing its own spending and perhaps even cutting taxes.

Things did not work out that way. The economy tumbled into a long, though mild recession, followed by the slowest recovery since the end of World War II. Today, pressure is building on Nixon to mount a more energetic, more direct attack on inflation. Businessmen, labor leaders and Congressmen have been telling the President that it is not enough merely to stand pat; he must "do something." Do what? The answer is: almost anything—anything that will demonstrate that he is taking bolder action to bolster the economy. The fight over economic policy is reaching a showdown, and the opposing sides are led by two men who are longtime friends, allies and Nixon loyalists.

### Keep Hands Off

Chief defender of Nixon's policies is the President's most influential economic adviser, George Pratt Shultz. As head of the Office of Management and Budget, Shultz has been telling one and all that the course should remain "steady as she goes." Shultz has long and successfully argued that the President should keep hands off and let free-market forces work. A confirmed "monetarist," he believes that the ebb and

flow of the money supply is of prime importance in determining the ups and downs of the economy. He gives frequent and rousing pep talks, arguing that last year's restrictive monetary policy will ultimately restrain inflation and this year's great expansion in the money supply (it has increased at an annual rate of 10%) will lead to a snap-price economic recovery.

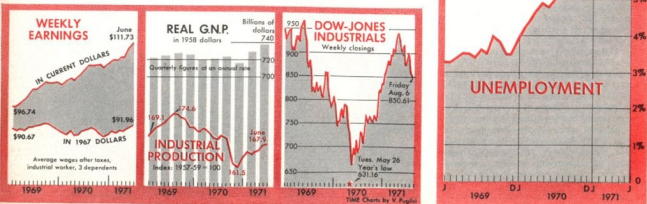
### A Dangerous Rate

Oddly enough, the most effective critic of this hypothesis is the man who most controls the money supply: Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Frank Burns. As the President's chief economic adviser during the first year of the Nixon Administration, Burns provided much of the free-market philosophy behind the anti-inflation plan. But he now feels that the plan is not working, that much more than money policy is needed. For more than a year, Burns has been calling on the President to adopt an incomes policy (TIME cover, June 1, 1970). The heart of that policy would be a presidential wage-price stabilization board that would be called on when major companies plan price increases or unions demand wage raises. The board would make strong recommendations and depend on voluntary compliance. If a company or union posted an egregious increase, the board would publicly condemn it. In theory, at least, few corporate or labor leaders then would dare to risk the wrath of Government backed by an aroused public.

When he reiterated his plea to the Congress's Joint Economic Committee two weeks ago, Burns shook up the Administration by declaring that "inflation is proceeding at both an unacceptable and a dangerous rate." Then he added: "There is little evidence as yet of any material strengthening in consumer or business confidence."

Although the quarrel over economic policy pits Burns against Shultz, the two men have much in common. Burns, a house painter's son, was born in

\* The day after the steel settlement, Pierre Rinfret, a windy but influential business economist who sometimes advises Nixon, told his clients by telegram not to hesitate to raise their own prices. The steel deal, he said, "locks in inflation." More important, he advised clients to give the unions what they want, and then increase prices still more to pay the bill. Says Rinfret: "There is no point in taking the heat if the Government won't stand behind you."





NIXON IN EXECUTIVE OFFICE  
*Roseate promises instead of action.*

Galicia, and at the age of six could translate the Old Testament from Hebrew into German. He was ten when his family emigrated to America. Shultz, a schoolteacher's son, was also an early scholar; he graduated from Princeton with honors in economics, was a World War II Marine major. Both men rose in the academic world and were tapped for frequent assignments in Government. Economist Burns, 67, and Industrial Relations Expert Shultz, 50, are both close friends of Milton Friedman, the Little Giant of monetary theory. Burns was Friedman's professor at Rutgers. Shultz was his colleague at the University of Chicago, when Shultz headed the graduate school of business administration. When Burns was chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers in the 1950s, Shultz worked on his staff as an economist. Indeed, it was on Burns' recommendation that Nixon named Shultz Secretary of Labor in 1968, although lately Burns has been heard to question his own judgment.

#### Articulate Advocate

In a way, the two men have reversed roles. Before Burns became head of the Fed, he earned a reputation for being impatient, arrogant, distant. Practically nobody called him by his first name. He was intensely loyal to Nixon, remained his chief economic adviser during the dark years of the mid-1960s, ran his campaign task forces in the 1968 campaign. In policy matters, Candidate Nixon often told lieutenants: "Check it out with Arthur."

When Burns was promoted to the Fed chairmanship in January 1970, he mellowed, but he also became increasingly independent professionally. In his W.C. Fields tones, he spoke up—to the President, to Congress, to the public. Disenchanted by the Administration, Burns feels that some of the President's advisers are shallow, even deceitful men. He has no such criticism of Shultz; their differences only involve economics.

Since Shultz became the President's

closest economic adviser, he seems to have taken on some of the obstinacy and edge of superiority that Burns had when he was in the same position. He is supremely self-confident and holds quietly but firmly to his ideas. With assured, professional phrases, he is an able and articulate advocate of Administration policy. Though he retains personal friendships with many Democratic economists, Shultz has launched sharp attacks on others who have questioned his policies, especially Arthur Okun, former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. One of Shultz's main targets is Burns' Federal Reserve, which he severely criticized for not putting out enough money during last year's General Motors strike.

Even at dinner parties, Shultz is completely committed. At one black-tie affair, he exhaustively tried to convince the British ambassador of the merits of the President's economic program. Burns, by contrast, has become one of Washington's inveterate fun-loving partygoers. He likes to dance so much that his wife Helen says she would like to slow him down, but she does not know how.

Nixon leans heavily on both men, but there is no doubt about whom he listens to most often. Shultz has become almost an Assistant President. He is in Nixon's office nearly every day, and his influence runs to matters beyond economics; for example, he has been active in racial integration, to which he has a deep and liberal commitment. As Federal Reserve Chairman, Burns sees the President once every four to six weeks, but he can get through to him quickly by phone whenever he wants.

So far, Shultz has completely overshadowed Nixon's other economic policymakers. When Nixon was drafting

two economic messages in June and December last year, some of his aides urged him to accept Burns' idea of a wage-price review board; Shultz persuaded him to reject it openly. It was Shultz who argued, over the objections of Paul McCracken's Council of Economic Advisers, that the Administration should base its 1971 policies on the expectation that the gross national product would soar from \$974 billion to \$1,065 billion. He confidently forecast that the target would be hit if Burns' Federal Reserve pumped out enough money, which it certainly has. For his part, Burns forecast a more realistic \$1,055 billion, and the Commerce Department now projects that the year's figure will probably come out at about \$1,051 billion. With its extravagant predictions, the Administration not only hurt its own credibility but also created such great expectations that it made the economy look worse than it really is now.

#### Connally's Doubts

Lately a third man has entered the power struggle: John Connally. The tall Texan does not claim to know much about economics. But he can read numbers and, as he told critics when he took office as Treasury Secretary, "I can add." Though intensely loyal to Nixon, Connally has begun to doubt whether the public has confidence in—or can even comprehend—the President's economic policy. At a meeting of top economic advisers at Camp David in June, Connally said: "Why don't you make up your minds whether you are Republicans or Democrats? You're outspending the Democrats already!" On other matters he has difficulty keeping his ideas from being shot down by the White House palace guard, but he does not get much dispute when he says, "Peace isn't going to be the issue in the election. The economy is going to be the only issue that really matters."

Shultz, for one, agrees. He argues that the Administration indeed has a comprehensive set of policies to fight inflation, but concedes that it may have

CONNALLY AT WORK





## Lessons for Golden Growth

A DECADE ago, the U.S. entered on the longest continuous noninflationary expansion in its history—more than four years of golden growth. It was a time when Henry Ford could pass off a sales dip with the quip: "Business is merely terrific instead of phenomenal." Today's businessmen, disillusioned by the current economy, have been looking longingly back at those good old days. How was that prosperity managed? Could the measures used in the early '60s have a salutary effect now?

Some of the problems facing the Democratic Administrations of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson from 1961 to 1965 were markedly different from those confronting President Nixon. Prices in those years were stable and there were no inflationary pressures to contend with. More significant, the economic distortions caused by a major war in Southeast Asia and by an expanding economy at home had not yet begun.

Even under such favorable circumstances the performance of the economy in the early 1960s was impressive. As it came out of a recession in 1961, the second in four years, the nation had a weak economic pulse. In the previous five years, real annual growth had averaged only 2.3%. Production was idling along at about 65% of capacity. Starting slowly, the economy picked up momentum; by 1965 the growth rate was 6.3%, and plants were humming at close to full capacity. Wages rose by about 3%, matching productivity. The toughest problem was unemployment. But even that figure was painstakingly forced down from 6.7% to an almost acceptable 4.5% in 1965. The most remarkable achievement was the besting

of inflation. Throughout most of the five-year period, wholesale prices remained virtually unchanged, and consumer price rises were held to about 1.2% a year.

In creating this painless expansion, Kennedy and Johnson pursued a policy of tax cuts and moderate deficit spending counterbalanced by Government actions to limit wages and prices. To spur laggard capital expenditures, the Government came through with a 7% investment credit for plant and equipment and increased depreciation allowances. New equipment and federal job training improved productivity, slashed costs and kept prices down. In 1964 taxes on individual income and corporate earnings were trimmed. The \$14 billion that these tax cuts turned back to consumers and businessmen abruptly boosted the economy and added more than \$30 billion to the gross national product. This in turn generated close to \$10 billion in new tax money.

The Democrats also imposed wage-price guidelines of 3.2%, which were in the main observed. Because prices were stable, labor was less inclined to seek large settlements; freed of the threat of crippling wage demands, busi-

nessmen were more agreeable to moderating price increases. Industry learned not to stray too far out of line after President Kennedy in 1962 forced Big Steel to roll back what he considered an exorbitant price boost. While not as dramatic, President Johnson's anti-inflation jawboning sessions often ended with glazed-eyed leaders of business and labor agreeing to hold the line.

Whether such techniques would be useful today is open to question. Much more certain is the fact that the Nixon Administration's stand-pat economic stance has not been a success.



JOHNSON WITH STEEL LEADERS (1965)

failed to put them all together and properly publicize them. Shultz points out that the Administration has set up a wage board in the construction trade, which has helped bring construction labor increases down from 20% last year to about 10% in recent months. It has proposed lower minimum wages for the young to help them get jobs. It is readying measures to loosen regulation and introduce more competition in the transportation industry. Last week the President indicated that he would veto a bill to raise wages for Government blue-collar workers. Yet Nixon and his aides are openly disappointed that the rate of inflation has not come down further and faster, and they show a growing if grudging receptiveness to new ideas.

### "We Need More Action"

Last week the economic debate took on new intensity. The Senate's Wednesday Club, a group of 15 liberal to moderate Republicans, called a press conference in which they urged the President to set up a wage-price commission along the lines that Burns had proposed. "I disagree with the Administration's economic policies, and I make

no bones about that disagreement," said Oregon's Mark Hatfield. Connecticut's Lowell Weicker Jr. declared: "If the policies of the situation commends this action, the 10% unemployment in Connecticut shouts it." New Jersey's Clifford Case added: "The whole country has lost confidence in itself at the moment, and we need more action by the Government." Whatever other action the Wednesday Club achieved, it at least ensured that wage-price standards would be fully explored in hearings when Congress reconvenes in September.

Just an hour after the Wednesday Club had its say, President Nixon summoned a press conference. For the first time he wavered in his absolute, almost doctrinaire opposition to tinkering with the interaction of wages and prices. Nixon repeated his unalterable opposition to wage-price controls, expressed doubts that wage-price review boards would really work, and argued that "guidelines in this country have always failed." But he had an "open mind" about examining proposals, he said, although he would have to be convinced that any new tactic was almost foolproof before it would get his unqualified

support. He voiced "serious doubts" that such a tactic would be found.

Nixon believes that review boards might well lead to firm, direct, Government-ordered controls on most wages and prices, a step that he thinks would sap the nation's economic vitality. He has abhorred controls ever since he had a minor role in administering them as a lawyer for the Office of Price Administration during World War II. Shultz also believes that guidelines or review boards would be of questionable value. He argues that if a wage guide were set at, say, 8%, that would actually tend to boost wages in industries where increases have been less than 8%.

### Lessons from Overseas

The President, Shultz and Connally raise many questions about incomes policy. How effective have these policies been in other countries? What kind of organization would be set up to run the program? How would it be enforced, and how would violators be penalized? How would it affect escalator clauses in existing wage contracts? Would profits, interest rates, home prices, legal



BURNS

"Check it with Arthur."

and medical fees also have to be controlled? What would happen when the program ended? Would prices soar?

Incomes policies would surely be harder to enforce in the U.S. than in smaller, more homogeneous nations. And critics contend that such policies have never worked for long even in those countries. Yet the record is by no means barren, especially over the short run. Last year Canada's Price and Incomes Commission had to abandon its short-lived wage and price guidelines because unions would not go along. Still, the commission had considerable success in persuading companies to temper the rate of price increases and was partly responsible for lowering Canada's 1970 inflation rate to 2.3% from 4.5% the year before. Britain has also had its victories. The National Board of Prices and Incomes succeeded several years ago in persuading unions to cooperate with employers in raising productivity, enabling at least some industries to grant wage increases and hold the line on prices. Eventually, dissatisfied unions began pressing for higher wages; the board's power waned, and it was all but moribund by the time the Tories abolished it last year. In The Netherlands, wage and price controls worked during the 1960s, but as inflation began to grow two years ago, they proved far from totally effective.

#### Fed Up with Inflation

In the U.S., guidelines and presidential jawboning held down prices for a time in the 1960s (see box, page 67). Between 1966 and 1968, for example, there were 15 jawboned industries, including autos, aluminum, copper and steel. Prices in those industries rose an average 1.7% yearly during that period, but they jumped 6% during Nixon's first year in office.

Advocates of an incomes policy say that it might well work today because the public is fed up with inflation and receptive to action. Besides, now that the steel settlement is out of the way, most major unions have caught up with inflation and

are eager to preserve the purchasing power of their recently won gains. At very least, a presidential guideline for wages and prices would give company chiefs a bargaining point in labor negotiations, and would give labor leaders a talking point to temper the demands of their militant rank and file.

#### The Rules Are Not Working

A prime argument for experimenting with new prescriptions for inflation, says Arthur Burns, is that "the rules of economics are not working quite the way they used to." Why not? First, an inflationary bias has been built into the U.S. economy because the nation is committed to high employment and high economic growth. Once an inflation starts, no government could accept the severe recession and unemployment—well over 10%—needed to stop it cold.

Inflation is also stubborn because more and more Americans work for the Government or in service industries, where wage rises are hard to offset by rises in productivity. Public service employees have rapidly unionized and have often called illegal but successful strikes. Governments at all levels are prone to cave in to exorbitant wage demands because voters are unwilling to put up for very long without policemen, garbage collectors or teachers. In the past decade the number of municipal employees has gone up 32%; their total wages have increased 118%. And huge increases are built into current contracts.

When civil servants win such raises, workers in private industry quite naturally feel an urge to match them. Companies have given in to outrageous wage demands rather than take a strike, fearing that they might lose markets to competitors at home or abroad. U.S. labor costs have risen 38% per man-hour since 1965, but productivity has advanced only 8.2%. Result: the labor costs for each unit of goods produced have jumped 28%.

Economists, including Paul Samuelson and John Kenneth Galbraith, have noted that many unions and companies



SHULTZ

"Steady as she goes."

have become so big that they are virtually immune to ordinary market pressures. For example, Samuelson points out that years ago the world was dependent on natural rubber, produced by many plantations, none of which could control the price. A market glut would sometimes force prices down from a dollar to as low as a penny a pound on the docks of Malaya. "Today," says Samuelson, "when demand for synthetic rubber falls, producers close down plants to maintain the price."

Indeed, many social and political factors also keep prices rising. The drive against pollution has reduced productivity and raised prices in industries as diverse as paper, steel, autos and chemicals. By 1975 U.S. business may spend about \$35 billion to control air and water pollution—and most of the cost will be passed on to customers. Abroad, rising nationalism—in Chile, Venezuela, the Middle East and Indonesia—has lately prompted price increases for the materials that those countries produce, including copper and oil.

For all that, Nixon could attack and eliminate many sources of inflation. He could ease up on import quotas on

WEDNESDAY CLUB MEN TAFT, WEICKER, COOPER, JAVITS, SCHWEIKER, CASE & HATFIELD



## Tips from Experts at the Top

**R**ICHARD NIXON's critics often charge that the President is remote from the real world, surrounded by overly protective aides who screen out notes of dissent. To determine just what the outside experts are saying about the economy—and what should be done—TIME correspondents last week interviewed corporate chiefs, trade union leaders and economists. A sampling of opinions: **LEONARD WOODCOCK**, president of the United Auto Workers. "The best thing that can happen to reverse the inflation is to spur the economy. For that, we should move up the tax cuts already authorized for 1972 and 1973, making them immediately applicable. As a last resort, we could lower the value of the dollar, perhaps by permitting it to float until it found its proper relationship to other currencies. That would reduce the prices of U.S. exports in the world market and drive up import prices."

**GARDNER ACKLEY**, former chairman (1964-68) of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. "The Administration could easily put another \$8 billion to \$10 billion a year into the economy. What we need are liberalized unemployment insurance benefits, accelerated tax reductions effective now, instead of in 1972 or 1973, and vigorous federal programs combating unemployment and inflation."

**LEE A. IACocca**, president of Ford Motor Co. "The country cannot hope to have a sustained economic recovery without a strong increase in investment. It is disquieting that the outlook for capital spending is so weak. We would urge Congress to restore the investment

tax credit permanently. Changes that promote investment are in the best interests of everyone."

**CHARLES ("TEX") THORNTON**, chairman of Litton Industries. "One of the most important things that the Administration can do is to provide business with an investment tax credit. Not only will that create jobs now, but it will improve productivity and help the U.S. maintain an edge over foreign competition. Too many of our production facilities are not modern enough and desperately need updating."

**LYNN TOWNSEND**, chairman of Chrysler Corp. "Nixon may say he has inflation and unemployment under control, but I have seen no figures to indicate that he has solved either problem. I am against wage and price controls, but we cannot let this situation go on forever. The economy has the people scared. If we do not begin to see evidence of a decrease in inflation soon, the Government will have to take drastic action."

**RAYMOND SAULNIER**, former chairman of the CEA (1956-61). "I'm afraid that wage inflation has gone so far now that it requires much more direct intervention by Government. I'm not talking about freezes or mandatory controls. But I am talking about a much more direct, determined and explicit Government intervention. I come to this conclusion sadly and reluctantly."

**A.W. CLAUSEN**, president of the Bank of America. "The President should speak out more forcefully and specifically on inflationary settlements and price increases. The Administration is failing with its *laissez faire* policy."

**OTTO ECKSTEIN**, former member of the CEA (1964-66). "The absence of an incomes policy now is absolutely indefensible. A new office should be set up, headed by a single presidential appointee and staffed by men of the President's choosing. They would draft and implement a firm set of principles on wages and prices. They would have a set of standards to distinguish between so-called 'catch-up increases' and new inflationary increases."

**KERMIT GORDON**, former member of the CEA (1961-62). "I am opposed to mandatory controls, but I do feel that wage-price guideposts are a necessary part of any well-balanced economic policy designed to deal with inflation."

**JOHN P. LEWIS**, former member of the CEA (1963-64). "I would like to see a wage-price review board. It would have more bite than the wage-price guideposts. In addition, we should eliminate import quotas on such things as Japanese steel. This will force American producers to hold the line against wage and price hikes."

**NEIL JACOBY**, former member of the CEA (1953-55). "I'm for a review board. It should tie wage hikes to increases in productivity, and should have the power to force compulsory arbitration."

**PAUL SAMUELSON**, M.I.T. economist. "I'm in favor of a much more activist incomes policy than President Nixon has been willing to take, but I stop short of mandatory price controls. I'm for jawboning, for moral suasion. To hold down prices, I would let in more imports, and I would use Government procurement policies."

steel, meat and other products; by the estimate of a Cabinet task force, the oil quotas alone add \$4.8 billion yearly to the nation's energy bills. Nixon could call for a substantial reduction of subsidies to farms, shipping companies, airlines and railroads. He could challenge the monopoly power of unions, calling for an end to the union hiring hall and an elimination of featherbedding in industries from trucking to construction. He could urge compulsory arbitration of labor disputes in municipal services and other sectors where unions dictate terms to timid or fragmented employers. "But," laments a White House aide, "whenever I tell the President that we must get tough with labor, somebody close to him says, no, you dare not touch the unions—they have too many votes."

More immediately, Nixon could opt for one of the many varieties of incomes policy ideas. The Committee for Economic Development, a group of corporate chiefs and economists, has echoed Burns by urging that the President create a three-man Board on Prices and Incomes. It would draw up broad guide-

lines as to how rapidly wages and prices could rise without causing inflation. The board would denounce by name any companies or unions that flagrantly violated the guidelines. It would also issue advance reports of major wage and price decisions, outlining what a noninflationary settlement would be.

### Six-Month Restraint

Economist Arthur Okun would go farther. He recommends that the President declare a six-month period of "utmost restraint." All companies would be asked to put off price increases during that time and all labor leaders would be urged to take no more than token boosts, keeping contracts open for final negotiations later. The President would appoint a board of citizens to spend these six months interviewing leaders of unions, companies and consumer groups, seeking their recommendations for equitable wage-and-price guidelines. If a company or union violated those guides, the President would point an accusing finger and rally the pressure of public opinion. He would also be prepared to penalize an offender directly—perhaps

by liberalizing import quotas, selling off goods from Government stockpiles or canceling Government contracts.

In the next issue of *FORTUNE*, Robert Roosa, who was Treasury Under Secretary from 1961 to 1965, will propose a plan. Roosa would first have the President impose a wage freeze for six months or less. During that period, the Government would set up separate wage-price boards for each industry. The boards would be made up of people from business, labor and Government. In every labor negotiation covering a whole industry or a company with 1,000 or more employees, they would have the power to determine what the industry or company could afford to pay, depending on its costs, markets and productivity. After that, the board would set general boundaries for wage and price increases. Corporations and unions would negotiate contract details, but they would have to keep their increases roughly within the board's bounds—or else face some penalties.

According to his chief aides, Nixon is finally being forced by events to change his anti-inflation plan. Last week



Treasury Secretary Connally told *TIME* Economic Correspondent Lawrence Malkin: "The last thing we want to do is stay fixed in concrete. You're going to see a change in action. You're going to see the President engaged with labor-management negotiations when they're of national importance. The time has come when he is going to be more aggressive. Basic realignments and reassessments are required, and we have to explain them to the people. Even in international affairs, economic matters now have priority."

At his press conference, Nixon said that he was instructing Labor Secretary James Hodgson to keep him informed of major wage talks. Did that mean that he was going to turn his back on price increases by corporations? No, said Connally, Nixon would watch them too. What will happen if Congress approves legislation to set up an incomes board with firm powers to delay wage and price raises until they can be investigated? Replies Connally: "The President is not against that, as I read it."

#### Nixon's New Strategy

Indeed, the White House has a new strategy. Nixon wants to wait and see whether outsiders—businessmen, labor leaders, Congressmen—can build up enough support for an incomes policy to create the political consensus that would enable it to work. Provided that happens, he may be willing to accept it. The consensus could be built in next month's Senate hearings. While they are going on, Nixon will have a grace period of several months, during which the original anti-inflation plan may still work out as George Shultz hopes. If it appears during the hearings that Congress will approve a wage-price board and give it real powers of enforcement, then businessmen may rush to raise prices while they still can. To prevent that, the President would probably have to call a surprise, temporary wage-price freeze. Some of his aides say that for all his doubts he would just as soon have a wage-price board, simply to end all the debate. And if an incomes board is mandated by Congress but fails to halt inflation, Nixon will not bear all the blame.

The most persuasive argument in favor of more Government action against inflation is that it can hardly accomplish less than the Administration's inaction. A wage-and-incomes policy might have been more promising if adopted earlier, but it is not too late for one to have effect. Eagerness for a return to price stability and an expansive economy has made the public receptive to almost any presidential action that would decisively break with the past—the kind of bold move that Nixon made on China policy. As Arthur Burns recently told the Joint Economic Committee: "Had an incomes policy been instituted a year or two ago, it would have been more effective than it is likely to be today. But I still would try it. I would be mildly optimistic. I think it is an effort worth making."

## AEROSPACE

### A Lift for Lockheed

"I've never been enthused about a Lockheed bill. I still say that now." Yet when Kentucky's Marlow Cook made that statement last week, he had just cast the vote that broke a 48-48 tie in the Senate and saved Lockheed Aircraft Corp. from financial collapse.

Cook's ambivalence toward a \$250 million loan guarantee for the aerospace giant was widely shared on Capitol Hill and contributed to considerable confusion in the lines of battle. Such conservative Republicans as Barry Goldwater and James Buckley, who normally support the Nixon Administration on important questions, opposed the bill lest the rules of free enterprise be violated. Such liberal Democrats as Alan Cranston and Hubert Humphrey, who would otherwise oppose a government handout to big business, supported the bill out



WAGNER GIVING WORKERS THE GOOD NEWS  
The precedent may now exist.

of solidarity with organized labor. In the absence of clear-cut doctrinal guidelines, the bill—which had narrowly (192-189) passed the House a few days earlier—split both parties almost evenly.

What proved to be the most persuasive argument in favor of saving Lockheed was the question of employment. "I think jobs certainly were the key issue," said John Tower of Texas, leader of the pro-Lockheed forces in the Senate. "I would not take upon myself," admitted Montana's Lee Metcalf, who also voted for Lockheed, "the responsibility of closing out all these jobs." As many as 60,000 jobs were at stake at Lockheed, at the firm's suppliers and subcontractors in 35 states, and at stores and offices in peripheral communities.

The biggest chunk of those jobs are in Lockheed's headquarters in Burbank

and the TriStar plant at nearby Palmdale, Calif. Thus when the Senate clerk announced the vote, there was great joy in those towns. Telephone lines were jammed as relatives and friends spread the news. Champagne flowed at the local union halls. Restaurants were crowded for the first time in months. Ever since Lockheed began laying off some 9,000 TriStar workers last winter, local residents had been putting off decisions about whether to buy new cars or refrigerators. Sales-tax receipts in Burbank had fallen 24% from last year, and the hard-pressed city government had been forced to impose a hiring freeze. "Burbank was in a state of suspended animation," said Assistant City Manager James Algie. Agreed Lockheed Spokesman John Dailey: "It was like everyone had exhaled at once—and none of us knew we'd been holding our breath."

**Not out of the Woods.** A new optimism has also taken over Lockheed's corporate headquarters. The company is now rehiring laid-off workers at a rate of 200 a week. Executives who only the day before the vote had been making apocalyptic warnings of a Lockheed failure were now predicting that the firm might not need all of the \$250 million that Congress had underwritten. Just two days after the vote, Lockheed released surprisingly healthy first-half earnings figures: \$11.3 million after taxes, up \$3.8 million from last year.

The formalities of collecting on the loan guarantee should be completed within weeks, but Lockheed has a few other problems to take care of before the company is out of danger. Rolls-Royce engineers must work a few more bugs out of the TriStar's engines. Lockheed salesmen must persuade British European Airways to order at least 20 TriStars, a condition that TWA has specified for retaining its 33-TriStar order. Finally, Lockheed must rejuvenate its TriStar marketing program, which was inactive during the long period of uncertainty over the plane's future. The company has only 103 firm TriStar orders—at least 152 short of the number Lockheed Vice President Charles S. Wagner says the firm must sell to break even on the project. As Lockheed Chairman Dan Haughton said last week in a memo to employees: "We aren't out of the woods yet by a long shot."

**Paltry Profits.** The outlook for the aerospace industry as a whole is even more uncertain. Its biggest clients—the Defense Department, NASA and the airline industry—are all cutting back on expenditures for new equipment. After-tax profits in the industry were a paltry 2% last year as compared to 4% for manufacturing companies as a whole, and Wall Street analysts say that the aerospace profit outlook for 1971 is just as bleak.

One of the most troubling questions raised by the bailing out of Lockheed is whether the federal action has established a precedent. The measures



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July 28, 1971.

passed by Congress provide for an emergency loan-guarantee board headed by the Treasury Secretary. The board would have power to guarantee loans of up to \$250 million to any firm whose demise would "seriously affect the economy or employment in the nation or any region thereof." Though the intent of Congress was clearly to make Lockheed the sole beneficiary of its action, the precedent may now exist to bail out any number of companies provided that they are important enough and sick enough. Congress may thus find it increasingly difficult to resist pressures from powerful alliances of industry, organized labor, the financial community and local political interests that would like it to come to the rescue of inefficient or mismanaged firms.

## CONGLOMERATES

### Trimming a Colossus

Near the end of every month, 100 top executives from the global empire of Harold S. Geneen, chairman and president of International Telephone & Telegraph Corp., gather in his Manhattan headquarters for one of the best-known staff meetings in the business world. In the near future, however, there could be a significant drop-off in attendance. At the behest of the Justice Department, ITT has agreed to divest itself of six important companies.

Subject to court approval, the parts to be severed are the Canteen Corp., Grinnell Corp.'s fire protection division, Avis (Rent a Car) Inc., ITT-Levitt home builders, and the Hamilton and ITT life insurance companies. Geneen will have two years to dispose of the first two firms, three years for the rest. The divestiture, which ends three Justice Department lawsuits against ITT, is one of the largest trust-bustings in American corporate history. The subcompanies ITT will lose account for about \$1 billion in annual sales, or about one-seventh of the conglomerate's total.

**Vertical Hold.** The ITT action leaves unresolved one of the most crucial ambiguities in antitrust law: Does the Clayton Act, a keystone of the nation's antitrust policy for more than five decades, apply to conglomerates? The act clearly bans major acquisitions that "substantially lessen competition." It has been applied to horizontal mergers of directly competing firms and to vertical mergers of companies that have customer-supplier relationships. But it does not specifically forbid the kind of mergers that form conglomerates: those involving firms offering apparently unrelated goods or services. The Justice Department's three suits against ITT were intended to clear up the issue by bringing it before the U.S. Supreme Court. But to avoid lengthy litigation that would delay divestiture for years, department attorneys agreed to settle the suits out of court. The legal status of conglomerate mergers remains in doubt.



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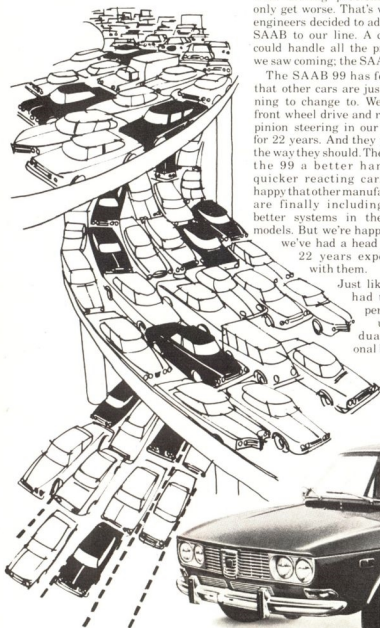


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## BOOKS

### Household Tyrants

THE LAST AND THE FIRST by I. Compton-Burnett. 147 pages. Knopf. \$5.95.

Dame Ivy Compton-Burnett, who died two years ago at 85, has often been called a "writer's writer." This is a handy term to describe such authors as Ronald Firbank, Henry Green and Saki, whom other writers often cite as important influences but who seldom stay in print.

In Dame Ivy's case, popular neglect is easy to understand. All 20 of her books are family novels set in upper-class England around the turn of the century. Though she wrote about such interesting topics as money, greed, death and incest, she was uncompromisingly austere in her treatment of them. Personally, she was an enigma, a maddeningly discreet spinster who lived quietly in the Kensington section of London, refusing to answer most questions about herself on the grounds that they were either prying or frivolous.

Ignoring Conventions. Her literary influence centers on the astonishing and idiosyncratic approach to dialogue that she developed in her second novel, *Pastors and Masters* (1925). Ignoring any known conventions of speech, she makes her characters say exactly and unsparingly what is going through their heads. The effect is as if the participants in an operatic ensemble could really hear the others' sung asides (which, among other things, would have cooked Aida's goose in the first scene of the first act). Time has only made her technique seem more relevant, and each passing decade brings Dame Ivy new disciples. Currently they include Angus Wilson, Mary McCarthy and the whole school of France's *nouveau roman*.

A Compton-Burnett is a recognizable British product, like a Burberry or an Agatha Christie. It is also an entertaining, reliable one. *The Last and the First* was unfinished when the author died, and it has been stitched together skillfully by her lifelong British publisher, Victor Gollancz. It is wholly typical of her work, and a graceful if muted final statement.

With her customary fearful symmetry, Dame Ivy starts by presenting two households of five members each. As in almost all her books, this one begins in an orderly way, at breakfast. The more important household, Sir Robert Heriot's, is dominated by a vintage Compton-Burnett tyrant, his second wife Eliza,

Near by live the Grimstones, where 84-year-old Jocasta holds sway. As usual, the plot is contrived and unimportant. Hermia, Eliza's elder stepdaughter and the only Heriot who stands up to her, receives a marriage proposal from Hamilton Grimstone, Jocasta's weak, middle-aged son. To Eliza's horror, Hermia declines. When he dies shortly after, he leaves Hermia his fortune anyway—and not a moment too soon, because the Heriots are faced with financial ruin.

Magnanimously, Hermia gives half the money to the Grimstones and bails out her father with the rest of it. Amid

nett are the young people: lonely, badly dressed, capriciously mistreated. In *Bulwark and the Lambs*, perhaps her best book, they are used to create a series of comic tableaux. Asked what they are doing, one replies: "We are waiting for time to pass." Another spends his time rereading his favorite story, the book of Job. In *The Last and the First*, when the put-upon young Heriots and Grimstones meet for tea, a minor Heriot says, "We have been looking forward to the day." A Grimstone replies: "We would have done so, but the faculty has faded through lack of use."

*The Last and the First* is even sparer than most Compton-Burnett. At times the dialogue sounds eerily like Gertrude

DORIS DAY



IVY COMPTON-BURNETT, 1962

*Fearful symmetry begins at breakfast.*

the financial flurry, she receives a proposal from Hamilton's nephew; this one she accepts. The scepter passes from Eliza and Jocasta; Hermia is the new and more enlightened tyrant of both families.

Outlet for Energy. Hermia's altruism is untypical of Compton-Burnett's predatory female dictators. Eliza is more in character: "Autocratic by nature, she had become impossibly so, and had come to find criticism a duty, an outlet for energy." When Hamilton's first letter of proposal to Hermia arrives, Eliza wants to answer it herself. When a second comes, she opens it and attempts to hide it. Like her predecessors in earlier books, Eliza is not only shameless, but awash with grandly rhetorical self-pity: "Years of care, of asking little for myself and accepting less, in order to save the family home."

The downtrodden in Compton-Bur-

stein's: "It is what it is and would be." All signs of movement are auditory. One knows a character has entered a room when he joins the conversation—an easy transition, since he has usually been eavesdropping outside. There is absolutely no small talk or incidental detail in Dame Ivy's novels. There are, however, plenty of conversational bromides; the author delighted in characterizing her villains by making them overly fond of banal phrases. "The yoke is not always easy, or the burden light," sighs Eliza.

Because she concentrated so fiercely on the brutalizing effects of power and money, Ivy Compton-Burnett has often been accused of being pitiless and even amoral. She was as unsparing as Ibsen in visiting the sins of parents on their children, and there are few more starkly evil women in literature than the murderous Anna Donne in *Elders and Betters*. If *The Last and the First* departs from the author's past works, it is in its relative compassion. Not that Dame Ivy went soft. But she endowed Hermia, a powerful woman, with both a healthy outlook and a promising future. In a way, like Eliza, she was surrendering some of her sovereignty over her people, and a little welcome warmth came in.

■ Martha Duffy

### The Alternative Experience

GETTING BACK TOGETHER by Robert Houriet. 412 pages. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. \$7.95.

WHAT THE TREES SAID: LIFE ON A NEW AGE FARM by Stephen Diamond. 182 pages. Delacorte. \$5.95 (paperback \$2.45).

Their friends in the cities call them escapists. The New Left scorns them as naive. To their "straight" neighbors on farms or in small villages, they all too often look like sex-mad anarchists. But

the thousands of Americans who have chosen to create a new life in rural communes regard themselves as a new generation of pioneers pursuing that most elusive of goals—the ideal society.

They are a widely varied crowd, according to these useful, firsthand accounts of the commune movement. Some of the members are rather young—er at heart than in years, like Moishe, an energetic 60-year-old participant in a group-marriage experiment outside San Francisco. Some of the new communalists were disillusioned radical antiwar protesters. Others were drug culturists seeking freedom from legal hassles, or flower children trying to recapture the euphoria of San Francisco's brief "summer of love." Still others were intellec-

live off the efforts of a hard-working minority. A different proposition is Har-rad West,\* a six-member group-marriage web in Berkeley, Calif. Houriet, who notes regretfully that he missed its "honeymoon" phase, found unsettling resemblances to an erotic soap opera. One feature was "the Chart," which ordained who was to sleep with whom on any particular night. "There's really no other way to do it if you have six people," says Alice, a participant.

*Getting Back Together* is probably the best account so far on the movement, partly because Author Houriet retains a certain amount of dry detachment, though the book also records his own deepening involvement with the experiments—an interest that finally led him to found his own community in northern Vermont. It was not an easy metamorphosis for "Robert the Writer" when the eternal problems of real sharing appeared. "I was unwilling to let go of what was mine," he writes, "my car, my money, my wife." After considerable agonizing, he managed to lose most of his hang-ups on personal possessions—though he did hang on to his wife. The basic lesson, says Houriet, is summed up in the words of a friend: "No more me, no more you."

**Ego-Tripping Rads.** The painful difficulty of learning that lesson is made clear in Stephen Diamond's *What the Trees Said*, the story of a single commune located near Montague, Mass., just south of the Vermont line. Diamond's book chronicles how a cadre of city-bred radical journalists slowly adapted to life on an abandoned farm. For some of the ego-tripping rads, the hardscrabble experience was, quite literally, unbearable (one committed suicide). For Diamond, it was a solution with flaws—very like his far-too-cute journal of the change.

Neither Houriet nor Diamond pretends to be a prophet of a green new order, and neither really spells out just where he believes the movement is heading. It is enough for both that these "alternatives" exist and flourish, after a fashion and for a while. Perhaps it is just as well that the authors have chosen not to brood on the history of communal societies in the U.S. Few have lasted long; those that endured often lost much of the founding spirit, and came to bear an uncomfortable resemblance to the society they had abandoned.

Already the world outside is pressing in on many of the new communes. "South of us," writes Houriet, "Interstate 91 is being blasted through the hills. At night, part of the sky glows an eerie green from the towers of light over a supermarket parking lot. A few years ago, we were safe in Vermont from the urban monster. Now, we're not so sure."

■ Bob McCabe

\* Named after Robert H. Rimmer's novel, *The Har-rad Experiment*, about a group marriage.

## Two for the Road

GOING NOWHERE by Alvin Greenberg. 143 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$4.95.

EVERYBODY KNOWS AND NOBODY CARES by Mason Smith. 213 pages. Knopf. \$5.95.

Hemingway pointed the way: perfection of style was the writer's road to salvation—or at least to survival. If it did not overrip, as style tends to do, it might occasionally reveal what Papa called "the real thing." Mason Smith and Alvin Greenberg, two promising stylists and fledgling novelists, each offer one for the road. Both books have hitchhiking protagonists who abandon cloisters of respectability for the unexpected. But there the similarities end.

The story of *Going Nowhere* is absurd, but Greenberg's good, tight fable is told with a warm, comic logic reminiscent of early Vonnegut. Arthur, a brilliant physics student, loses a leg in an unlikely series of events. Disconsolate, he becomes a hitchhiker. For



GREENBERG SMITH  
Random kindness, casual joys.

ten years he lives on the random kindness of motorists, until his old mentor, Professor Melville, contacts him with an ambitious proposal. The prof wants to launch Arthur in a modest flying saucer and return him to earth as an interplanetary proselytizer for a new philosophy known as Unteleology. It disclaims any overriding purpose or plan in the universe and urges people to stop worrying because nothing is going anywhere.

**Minimal Man.** Unfortunately, Unteleology falls victim to the randomness it preaches, and Arthur eventually returns to the side of the road. His subsequent adventures—including the loss of his other leg—leave him in much the same state as contemporary art. He is a minimal man trying to make more out of less. At the end of the book, Arthur is snug in an abandoned church with a girl who seems to symbolize science as a dead-end faith. The couple eats whatever falls off passing produce trucks, and Arthur amuses himself by composing epigrams from an incomplete alphabet of movable letters on the church bulletin board. Greenberg's philosophical cartooning is a bit overly contrived, but it succeeds because Greenberg keeps his tale both tactful and short.

A sense of proportion is among



MASSACHUSETTS COMMUNE "FAMILY"  
"No more me, no more you."

tual utopians out to build non-nuclear families along the lines of B.F. Skinner's *Walden Two*. Most of them were urban ex-bourgeois who had frustrating confrontations with agricultural hard labor.

One of the first communes to rise and fall, Author Houriet reports, was Oz, a fantasy-ridden experiment near Meadville, Pa., which featured daily readings from Dr. Seuss, *Winnie the Pooh* and (naturally) *The Wizard of Oz*. Meadville's citizens, at first tolerant, gradually turned against Oz, largely because of the commune's lack of concern with flush toilets and regular baths. Once, Houriet reports, an Ozite named Patty-Pooh tried to "vibe away" unfriendly visitors by "performing a nude dance on the farmhouse roof. Of course," he adds, "it had the opposite effect."

More disciplined communes had better luck. Houriet describes the evolution of New Buffalo, between Albuquerque and Santa Fe in New Mexico, which painfully expelled the hordes of parasitic potheads who had drifted in to

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Mason Smith's many strengths as a novelist. In tone, texture and pace, *Everybody Knows and Nobody Cares* is that rarity, a book with no false moves. Smith's hero is Ogden Jones, a Ph.D. candidate in English with a loved and loving wife and three nice children. Discontent with an academic future does not gnaw at him; it nibbles in a stimulating way. So with sleeping bag, fly rod and the warm wishes of wife and kids, he temporarily lights out to what is now the territory behind—the America of high places, crystal air and honeyed waters. It is nature's nation, which has inspired American writing from Thoreau through early Hemingway.

**Grace Without Pressure.** Ogden knows it, and so does Mason Smith. In a variation of Nick Adams' trout-fishing scene in Hemingway's *Big Two-Hearted River*, Smith pays tribute to the old man with an exquisite parody of his style. It is done with the same sense of casual gratitude that a young hippie might express when accepting his father's old Army overcoat.

The scene perfectly illustrates the grace without pressure that Ogden displays on almost every page. It is there when he hops in and out of strange automobiles, instantly gauging and adapting to the interior emotional atmosphere. It is there when he hooks up with Erin, a delectable, thoroughly greened girl hitchhiker. In their sexual encounters they are more playful than passionate; getting there is more important, and more fun, than making it. Drinking in the natural and human wonders that pass their way, Ogden and Erin relish a dream that neither they nor Smith believe could—or should—last too long: a second adolescence enriched by the experience of adulthood.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. The Exorcist, Blatty (1 last week)
2. The Other, Tryon (2)
3. The Drifters, Michener (3)
4. The Bell Jar, Plath (8)
5. The New Centurions, Wambaugh (5)
6. The Shadow of the Lynx, Holt (4)
7. The Passions of the Mind, Stone (6)
8. Penmorris, Howatch (10)
9. QB VII, Uris (7)
10. On Instructions of My Government, Salinger (9)

#### NONFICTION

1. Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, Brown (1)
2. The Female Eunuch, Greer (3)
3. The Sensuous Man, "M" (2)
4. Bowe Richard J. Daley of Chicago, Royko (5)
5. America, Inc., Mintz and Cohen (4)
6. David: Report on a Rockefeller, Hoffman (6)
7. Future Shock, Toffler (8)
8. The Gift Horse, Knaf (7)
9. Living Well Is the Best Revenge, Tompkins (10)
10. Stilwell and the American Experience in China, 1911-45, Tuchman





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